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FAREWELL AND DEFIANCE TO LOVE.

Love and thy vain employs, away
From this too oft deluded breast,
No longer will I court thy stay,
To be my bosom's teasing guest;
Thou treacherous medicine—reckon'd pure;
Thou quackery of the harab's'd heart,
That kills what thou pretend'st to cure,
Life's mountebank thou art.

With nostrums vain of boasted powers,
That ta'en, a worse disorder leave;
An asp hid in a group of flowers,
That bites and slays when few perceive;
Thou mock-peace to the troubled mind,
Leading it more in sorrow's way,
Freedom that leaves us more confined,
I bid thee hence away.

Dost taunt, and deem thy power beyond
The resolution reason gave!
Tut—falsity hath snapped each bond,
That kept me once thy quiet slave;
And made thy snare a spider's thread,
Which e'en my breath can break in twain;
Nor will I be like Sampson, led
To trust thy wiles again,

I took thee, as a staff to guide
Me, on the road I did pursue,
And when my weakness most relied
Upon its strength, it broke in two:
I took thee as mine friendly host,
That counsel might in danger show;
But when I needed thee the most,
I found thou wert my foe.

So go, thou folly-painted toy,
Thou play-thing, all display;
I will at last outbrave the boy,
And throw such idle games away;
Thou dream, for folly's idle hour,
Which I have found a dream indeed;
Thou distant seeming showy flower,
That proves, when near, a weed.

Go, trump thy mystic lotteries
Elsewhere, veil'd 'neath deception's blot,
Holding out every draw a prize,
Where worthless blanks are only got;
And flourish with thy patron dame,
Yecept a Goddess, and her boy;
That fills the world with empty fame,
And lives a fabled joy.

Tempt me no more with rosy cheeks,
Nor daze my reason, with bright eyes,
I'm wearied with thy painted freaks,
And sicken at such vanities:
Be roses fine as e'er they will,
They, with the meanest, fade and die,
And eyes, though thronged with darts to kill,
Are doomed to like mortalities.

Feed the young bard, who madly sips
His nectar draughts from folly's flowers;
Bright eyes, fair cheeks, and ruby lips,
Till music melts to honey showers;
Lure them to thrum thy empty lays,
While flattery listens to the chimes,
Till words themselves, grow sick with praise,
And stop for want of rhymes.

Let such be still thy paramours,
And chaunt love's old and idle tune,
Robbing the spring of all its flowers,
And heaven of her stars and moon,
To gild with dazzling similes,
Blind folly's vain and empty lay:
I'm sober'd, from such phantasies,
So get thee hence away.

Nor bid me sigh for mine own cost,
Nor count it loss, for mine annoy,
Nor say my stubbornness hath lost
A paradise of dainty joy:
I'll not believe thee, till I know,
That reason turns thy pamp'ring ape,
And acts thy harlequin, to show
That care's in every shape.

Heart-achings, sighs, and grief-wrung tears;
Shame-blushes, at betrayed distress,
Dissembled smiles and jealous fears,
Are nought but real happiness:
Then will I mourn, what now I brave,
And suffer Celia's quirks to be,
(Like a poor fate-bewilder'd slave),
The rulers of my destiny.

I'll weep, and sigh, whene'er she wills
To frown—and when she deigns to smile,
It will be cure for all my ills,
And, foolish still, I'll laugh the while;
But till that comes, I'll bless the rules
Experience taught, and deem it wise,
To hold thee, as the game of fools,
And all thy tricks despise.

A VISIT TO ANNAN, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT HIGH-
PRIEST OF GRETNA GREEN.

DEAR SIR,

Annan, 28th Oct. 1825

YOU will no doubt be a little surprised, when you look at the date of this letter, and see that I am still in Scotland, though you had good reason to expect that by this time I was safely arrived in London. But the fact is, that, notwithstanding your raillery on the subject, and the inclemency of the weather, I could not resist the impulse I felt to make a pedestrian excursion through the country said to have been formerly traversed by Darsie Lattimer, and described in such captivating style by the author of *Waverley*. You are aware, that whenever opportunity has served, I have always made a point of comparing scenery as it is to be found in the page of Nature, with the description of the Great Unknown; and whether, in the present instance, the toil has been repaid by the pleasure, I will leave you to judge, when you have perused the account of my tour, which I mean now to give you.

On the same day on which I left you, I alighted, without accident, at the Dumfries and Galloway Hotel, where I passed a very comfortable evening, in company with one or two intelligent commercial travellers, and the landlord, Mr. Clark, also a very clever sort of man in his way. By the bye, he is a Roman Catholic, and the only one I ever met who would repel, sportively, the arguments brought against his religion. When I asked him how he could, consistently either with Scripture or common sense, offer adoration to Saints, his answer was, "If you wish to get any good from the head of the house, it is always wise to curry favour with the domestics."

Next morning, after breakfast, I left Dumfries on foot, and proceeded in the direction of the Solway Frith. About half a mile from the town, I was tempted to turn from the road, and ascend an eminence to get a

better view of the country, and I assure you, a sweeter prospect I never beheld. It was a clear day; and the late heavy rains, by increasing the proportion of water, only rendered the scene more beautiful. At my feet lay the town, which is seen to greater advantage at this place than from any other point of view, and which, with its bridges, steeples, and blue slate roofs, wet with the rain of the preceding night, and glittering in the rays of the morning sun, almost realized to my fancy the splendour of Oriental magnificence. Round the foot of the rising ground where I stood rolled the Nith, now dashing his foaming waters over a caul thrown quite across the channel, then swelling with tremendous roaring against the sides of the Dock, and afterwards pursuing his course towards the ocean in deep and sullen majesty. Beneath me, on the other side, stretched Lochar Moss, covered with water in many places, so as to resemble what it is said once to have been, an arm of the sea, interspersed with numberless little islands. Beyond it a range of hills arises with a very gentle acclivity, which, being cultivated at first, become gradually more wild as they extend towards the northwest, almost in a semicircular direction, till they end in a bold rocky precipice crowned with wood, about eight miles above the town, and within a few hundred yards of the bed of the Nith. On the left you see Criffle raising his lofty summit far above the Frith and the surrounding country, and extending his giant arms in the form of a chain of mountains bearing away toward the west, and soon losing themselves in the distance, or by the intervention of another range of hills for the most part green, or covered with plantations, which also, in a semicircular direction, stretch towards the north, and terminate within a short distance

of the precipice already mentioned. In this way is formed a most spacious natural amphitheatre, intersected by the Nith, which issuing from between the precipice and the termination of the western range of hills, can be traced in all its windings downwards, till it discharges itself into the Solway. The country on its banks has all that richness of appearance which numerous country seats, mostly embosomed in wood, several villages, and the highest state of cultivation, can bestow.

It was nearly mid-day when I reached Caerlaverock, where there is a ruinous castle, which, however, I shall not describe, as you have only to consult one of the numerous volumes of tours you have always at command. It was in vain that I enquired for the river in which Lattimer it is said to have angled. I was told that there is not a fishing-stream within many miles, except the Lochar, the greater part of whose course is through the moss, and withal so level, that it only falls thirteen feet in eleven miles. Of course, then, the scenery about the Quaker's house is as much the creation of the author's imagination as honest broad-brim himself. I cannot say but I was a good deal disappointed at this information, and the conclusion I was forced to draw from it, as I had promised my eyes as rich a treat in viewing the scenery described in Redgauntlet, as my fancy had received from the description.

The author has been more faithful to localities in the mention of Solway Lochs, as that name is really applied to the pools of water left in the bed of the Frith after the recess of the tide. I had the good fortune to *forgather*, as we Scots say, with a fisherman, from whom I received a long detail concerning the fishers in the Solway for the last forty years, but the twentieth part of which I cannot recollect. He has no remembrance of ever having seen fish speared by men on horseback, but has often assisted in killing them on foot. It was done by means of a *leister*,

or three-forked harpoon, fastened to a long pole, and afforded excellent sport, but was both difficult and dangerous to those unaccustomed to it, and unacquainted with the quicksands. From the scarcity of fish, the exercise has of late years fallen almost into disuse. The scarcity he had no difficulty in ascribing to the introduction and use of *trap* or *stake-nets*, which being erected across the creeks, and supplied with pockets to entrap the fish both in the flow and ebb of the tide, suffer none to escape but such as can make their way through the meshes of the net. In his youth, those most commonly used were *halve*, or hand and *raise* nets; the latter made to rise with the flow of the tide, to allow the fish, as they were ascending, to escape, and to fall with the ebb, so that those only which were on their way to the sea were caught; and he seemed to think, that till such time as the use of the *trap-net* was abolished, and these restored, plenty of fish could not again be expected in the Solway. Formerly, also, the tenants of land derived considerable advantage from the privilege of fishing with certain descriptions of nets, in those parts of the Frith belonging to their landlords; a privilege, however, which is now of little service, as scarcely any fish remain to be caught. From the same cause, channel-fishing, which is free to every person, and which was once of great benefit to the lower classes, has become of no value. For all these reasons, *trap*, or *stake-nets*, are almost as universally condemned at this present time as they were in the days of the Laird of Solway Lochs; and had the Fishing-Bill, brought into Parliament by Mr. Kennedy last session, and which was ordered to stand over to the next, been no otherwise objectionable, it would have been very unpopular in this quarter, as it provided for the continuance of these nets. But against this bill many equally strong objections have been raised. It has been complained, among other things, that the arrangements which it would

make with regard to close-time are most injudicious, and could not be carried into effect without manifest injustice to the proprietors of fresh-water fishings; and that it would, in a great measure, put a stop to the white-fish and flounder fisheries, which, for many years, have been of infinitely greater importance to the community than that of salmon. I was given to understand, that it is in agitation among those concerned, to present a petition to Parliament, remonstrating against the injustice and inadequacy of the Bill, pointing out the bad effects that must evidently result from it, and earnestly entreating that it may not be suffered to pass into a law.

To return to Redgauntlet. From what I learned of the traditions of the country, as I passed along, I strongly suspect that *Wandering Willie's Tales* is a compound of the absurd traditions concerning the *Lairds of Lag and Coul*. The former, who lived within eight miles of Dumfries, was a noted persecutor, and is said by the common people, among whom his memory is still held in the greatest detestation, to have been so tormented before his death, that the insertion of his feet among cold water actually made it boil. The latter, also a gentleman of this district, having died intestate, some of his relations forged a will after his death, to the prejudice of the rightful heir, and putting a pen into the hand of the corpse, affixed his signature to it in presence of his serving-man, who swore that he saw his late master sign the will. This, it seems, was enough to disturb the dead man in his grave; he therefore arose, and not only appeared to multitudes, riding on a black horse, sometimes attended by a whole host of spirits in human shape, but conversed with many, and expressed his determination to traverse the country till he could wreak his vengeance on the perjured servant. This he is really said to have done on the sands of the Dumfries, before many hundred witnesses, by dashing out his brains;

after which he disappeared, and was never more seen.

It was nearly dark when I arrived at Annan, which is an exceedingly neat little town, and has, I understand, made more improvement of late years than perhaps any Royal Burgh in his Majesty's dominions. It is delightfully situated, about a mile from the Frith, on the right bank of the river Annan, a dark and deep-flowing stream, and navigable by ships of small burden, till within a few hundred yards of the town. Forty years ago there were not above three small vessels trading to Liverpool belonging to the port, and now there are upwards of thirty. A weekly market held on Thursday, was also established some years ago, in which during the proper season, a good deal of business is done in grain and pork, for exportation. The latter commodity is bought and salted, and dried by bacon-dealers in the neighbourhood, who dispose of it at Newcastle, and other towns in England, and sometimes ship it to Ireland. Of course, swine-feeding is a principal part of a farmer's occupation in Annandale, and many of them, by feeding and curing together, have realized considerable fortunes.

I have lodged since I came here at the Blue Bell, which, besides being a neat, clean-looking inn, had an additional recommendation, in my eyes, in being the place where most of the irregular marriages are celebrated; Mr. Hope, the landlord, being the magistrate who most commonly officiates on these occasions. The *trade* was so brisk at one time, that occasionally upwards of twenty pair in a week were married; but, since the repeal of the Marriage Act in England, it has become much slackened. Still, however, five or six couples are generally noosed every week, and never fewer than two or three. The ceremony is very short and simple, and the cost seldom above half-a-guinea. The parties merely declared before the magistrate, that they have been irregularly married, for which he fines them in terms of a

Scotch Act of Parliament. He then gives them a certificate of their declaration of irregular marriage, and of their payment of the fine; and this it would appear, is a sufficient valid contract in the eyes of the law, though its validity is not recognised by the church. The late clergyman of the parish, however, when requested, was sometimes accommodating enough to attend with his session-clerk and an elder, and, on the parties presenting him with an attestation, that before this irregular marriage they were single persons, to hold a session, censure them for their irregularity, and admit them to the use of Christian privileges. This last circumstance had almost annihilated the *Gretna Green trade*, as the priest of Hymen at that place had no such power, and few were, for some time, "made one flesh" by him, save those who were not aware of the higher privileges of the Annan marriage, or who, coming from England, had not time to push on to the Burgh, for fear of being overtaken and "put asunder" by some tyrant of a parent or guardian. Such improper conduct on the part of the clergyman, as well as the facility of the magistrates in yielding to every application for marriage, drew forth, from the Lord Justice Clerk, some very severe reflections, in the case of a man who was indicted about two years ago for bigamy; reflections, however, which produced no effect, the latter sheltering themselves under some old Scotch Statute, and the former, perhaps, not considering himself amenable to his Lordships's tribunal. In this stage of the business, the Presbytery are said to have interfered; and though they did not publicly censure their brother, are understood to have expressed their decided disapprobation of his conduct, and to have restricted him from marrying any who did not belong to his own particular jurisdiction, unless they brought a certificate from the minister of their own parish. But the present incumbent being a man of steadier principle, and more cleri-

cal in his habits, refuses to marry any who have not been regularly proclaimed in the church; the consequence of which, and of the establishment of a splendid new inn at Gretna Green, has been the revival of *business* at that place.

The general aspect of Annandale scenery is bleak and barren: but, as if to relieve the eye, we occasionally meet with extensive views of the Solway Frith and the county of Cumberland, and sequestered spots of uncommon beauty. Little vallies of rich *halm* land, surrounded entirely with wood, unless where openings have been left to admit and discharge the waters that glide through them, are to be seen at almost every turning of some of the rivers. In one of these, on the banks of the Annan, and about three miles above the town, stands the village of Brydekirk, concerning a former laird of which I learned the following traditions:—He lived at the time of the rebellion in 1745, and in many points of his character, seems to have resembled the Laird of Solway Lochs, with the exception that he was as staunch a Whig as the Laird was an incorruptible Jacobite. On the day that the Highland army crossed the Border, on their return from their "ill-starred" expedition, this same Laird of Brydekirk, in company with St. Patrick Maxwell of Springkell, and many others, was attending a funeral to Gretna churchyard. At the approach of the Highlanders, the whole company fled, except Brydekirk, who not only stood, but as soon as they came within reach, fired his pistols and killed two men. After a desperate resistance he was taken and carried before the Prince, who, on being informed of the circumstances, demanded his reasons for such mad conduct. To this the Laird replied, that he was only performing the duty of a loyal subject, and that if he had only a pistol for every man in the army, he would teach them the consequences of rebelling against their lawful sovereign. For this answer he was detained a prison-

er; and the army had reached Glasgow, before the Prince, through the intercession of Lady Ogilvie, to whom Brydekirk's wife was related, could be prevailed upon to liberate him.

While I am on this subject, I may mention that I was in an old house, in the same parish of Gretna, in which the Prince and his staff took up their quarters till the army stopped for rest and refreshment. They had rested but a short time, when a rumour was spread that the English were close upon their rear. The march was immediately resumed, and in the hurry and confusion Lady Ogilvie's purse was left behind. When it was missed, a messenger was sent back for it; but it was nowhere to be found: and it was observed, that the inhabitants of the house, the last of whom died only a few years ago, instead of being very poor, became, if not rich, at least very comfortable.

But the most beautiful scenery in this quarter is on the banks of the Kirtle. This small stream falls into the Frith at a short distance from Gretna Green, and waters a country of considerable importance in the history of the Western Border. Its banks were inhabited by the Irvings, Bells, and some others of the most warlike border clans, who were constantly engaged in private feuds, or in wars with the English. Little castellated forts are therefore to be seen on every advantageous situation, but their history has been in a great measure lost.

Not far from Springkell, the seat of Sir J. H. Maxwell, is a small holm, such as I have described, nearly circular, and about a mile in circumference. It is skirted with wood, and watered by the Kirtle, which flows or rather dashes along one side of it, over a very rocky bed. In the very centre of this holm stands the churchyard of Kirkconnel, where lie the bodies of Helen Irving and Adam Fleming, whose loves several have attempted to celebrate in verse, but with little success. It was a little before sunset when I visited this

place; and what with the stillness of the evening, the sombre aspect of the scenery, the hollow murmurs of the stream, and that solemnity of feeling which a visit to a secluded churchyard always inspires, I was never in a fitter frame of mind to enjoy such a tale as the following:

During the time of the Border wars lived Helen, daughter of Irving of Kirkconnel, the most beautiful lady on the western marches, whose hand was sought in marriage by Bell of Middlebie and Fleming of Redhall. Fleming was the more favoured of the two, and therefore became an object of irreconcilable enmity to Bell, who sought an opportunity to kill him. While the lovers were one day walking on the banks of the Kirtle, they were discovered by Bell, as he was lurking among the trees on the opposite side. Mad with jealousy and rage, he fired on Fleming, but not before he had been seen, and his purpose observed by Helen. In the true spirit of sincere and romantic affection, she threw herself before her lover, and received into her own breast the bullet that was intended for his. Fleming instantly pursued Bell, and at one stroke severed his head from his body. When he had seen the remains of his mistress consigned to the dust, the better to divert his grief, he went abroad, and fought in some of the continental wars; probably in Spain, against the Moors. After the lapse of many years he returned, and expired on the grave of his beloved Helen. A large cross, now much dilapidated, marks the place where Helen was shot; and a rude stone, with a sword and musket, and the short inscription, "Hic jacet Joannes Fleming," engraved upon it, covers the "narrow house" of these faithful lovers.

About three miles below Kirkconnel, at Cove, the residence of Mr. Irving, the lineal descendant of the chieftains of that name, there is a remarkable artificial cave, which, in times of war, must have been an impregnable strong-hold. It is cut out of a rock the perpendicular height of

which is forty or fifty feet, and which stands at the foot of a little dell, environed with a very thick wood. The river takes a sweep round its base; and as the cave is at least twenty feet above the level of the water, and commands the whole extent of the valley, a single man might defend it against a host. The only way of approaching it, indeed, is by a flight of steps, cut out of the rock, and winding round one side of it, but which do not reach within several feet of the mouth of the cave. The entrance is made by means of a platform supported by two beams, which can be removed at pleasure. The door-way is only about four feet high, and three feet wide; but the cave widens as you enter, and is capable of containing thirty men. Tradition does not say by whom, or for what purpose it was made, but it was unquestionably a place of refuge to the Covenanters. On that part of the rock out of which the steps are cut is found the word *Jeus*, or *Jehovah*, rudely engraved in Hebrew characters.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the far-famed *Greta Green*. I have already mentioned that a splendid new inn has been established at this place, the landlord of which, Mr. Linton, is a jovial fellow, and exactly suited for such a situation. He shewed me the apartment where the ceremony is generally performed: it is rather an elegant room, and is furnished with a large sofa, and other necessary *apparatus*. For many years there was no inn at Greta Green, and the marriages were therefore celebrated at Springfield, a village about half a mile farther east. But since the opening of this new establishment, the parties usually drive on to Greta Hall, as the inn is called. Laing, one of the priests of Hymen, and who by way of emphasis is styled the Bishop, seems to have taken up his abode in Mr. Linton's back-parlour, though his family resides at Springfield. I found him in that state which is best expressed by the Scotch phrase "*roarin' fou*," and

consequently very communicative. He told me the number of lords, ladies, and persons of distinction, he had married, and said he could scarcely go into a county in England, Wales, or Ireland, where he would not find some person who had been before him. I asked which he liked best to marry—the English, Welch, or Irish. "O! the English to be sure," cried he; "your rich gentlemen from the South for me. They are the fellows, Sir, for scattering the gold. Why, Sir, when the business was well and speedily done, I have seen them sometimes chuck me with a fifty pound bill in an afternoon." "If you are always so well paid as that," said I, "you might soon get rich, one would think." "Why, Sir, so I might," he returned; "but then I am *not* always so well paid. For one who gives me five pounds, I have two who think me well paid with five shillings. And besides, Sir," added he, with rather a quizzical expression of countenance, "I have the dignity of the priesthood to maintain. The mitre should never be worn by one who is not as ready to give as to receive, to spend as to earn." "If I should come some morning with a lady," said I, "to obtain a cast of your office, I suppose I will always find you here?" "Generally," replied he, "or at Springfield, which is quite at hand. The landlord always knows where I am to be found; but, if I should happen to be out of the way, my son can do the business as well as myself." "But," said I, qualifying the observation, by handing him a glass of his favourite beverage, Shrub, which, indeed is the only liquor he drinks, "I should think, in your present condition, you would scarcely be able to discharge your duty." "God bless you, Sir," exclaimed he, erecting his body in the chair, for he was nearly incapable of rising, "that is all you know about it. I am quite sober just now, Sir, quite sober; I am never more so. But at any rate, Sir, that is a matter of no consequence. I have married hundreds, Sir, when

I was as blind as a bat." "Perhaps," said I, "you will have no objections to let me hear how you proceed in these cases." "When you come," replied he, rather evading than answering the question, "I will take care that you shall not be kept ten minutes, or if you are hard pursued, not quite so long."

There is another priest residing at Springfield; but I was told he is not so frequently employed as the Bishop.

I was not a little astonished to see three wholesale spirit shops, besides an immense number of public houses, betwixt Annan and the Border, and I was informed that they drive a very flourishing trade. Two large distilleries have also been erected within twenty miles; and there is besides a private still of some extent, which has existed for several years, and has hitherto baffled every attempt of the Excise Officers to discover where it is situated. Most people in this quarter are persuaded that the reduction of duty on Scotch spirits carried into England will not diminish smuggling, the principal support of these spirit-shops, so much

as was expected. A difference of two shillings a gallon, which can nearly be doubled by reducing the strength of the spirits, is still a sufficient temptation to a poor man, who cannot earn above twelve or fourteen shillings a-week by hard labour. At a very moderate computation, he can carry twenty gallons of whiskey into England in a week, and allowing him only to draw a profit of three shillings from every gallon, his weekly earnings will thus amount to three pounds. But a single fact is worth volumes of calculation on the subject; and it is a notorious one, that the smugglers have already commenced their operations for the season with nearly as much activity as at any former period; another proof that the pernicious practice of smuggling can never be entirely abolished, till an effectual reduction and equalization of duties on spirits is made, and consequently every temptation, both to seller and purchaser, to deal illicitly, removed.

I must now conclude this long letter, as it is already seven o'clock, and I mean to take coach at eight for Carlisle.

THE STOLEN MARRIAGE.

THE Marquis de St. Gilles was sent Ambassador from Spain to the Hague. In his youth, he had been particularly intimate with the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest nobles of that country. Some month's after the Marquis's arrival at the Hague, he received a letter from the Count, entreating him, in the name of their former friendship, to render him the greatest possible service. "You know," said he, "my dear Marquis, the mortification I felt that the name of Moncade was likely to expire with me. At length, it pleased heaven to hear my prayers, and to grant me a son; he gave early promise of dispositions worthy of his birth, but he, some time since, form-

ed an unfortunate and disgraceful attachment to the most celebrated actress of the company of Toledo. I shut my eyes to this imprudence on the part of a young man whose conduct had, till then, caused me unmingled satisfaction. But, having learnt that he was so blinded by passion, as to intend to marry this girl, and that he had even bound himself by a written promise to that effect, I solicited the King to have her placed in confinement. My son, having got information of the steps I had taken, defeated my intentions, by escaping with the object of his passion. For more than six months, I have vainly endeavoured to discover where he has concealed himself, but I have now some reason to think he is at

the Hague." The Count earnestly conjured the Marquis to make the most rigid search, in order to discover his son's retreat, and to endeavour to prevail upon him to return to his home. "It is an act of justice," continued he, "to provide for the girl, if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage which she has received, and I leave it to your discretion to do what is right for her, as well as to determine the sum necessary, to bring my son to Madrid, in a manner suitable to his condition. I know not," continued he, "whether you are a father; if you are, you will be able to sympathize in my anxieties." The Count subjoined to this letter an exact description of his son, and the young woman by whom he was accompanied. On the receipt of this letter, the Marquis lost not a moment in sending to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, but in vain—he could find no trace of them. He began to despair of success, when the idea struck him, that a young French page of his, remarkable for his quickness and intelligence, might be employed with advantage. He promised to reward him handsomely if he succeeded in finding the young woman, who was the cause of so much anxiety, and gave him the description of her person. The page visited all the public places for many days, without success; at length, one evening, at the play, he saw a young man and woman, in a box, who attracted his attention. When he saw that they perceived he was looking at them, and withdrew to the back of the box to avoid his observation, he felt confident that they were the objects of his search. He did not take his eyes from the box, and watched every movement in it. The instant the performance ended, he was in the passage leading from the boxes to the door, and he remarked that the young man, who, doubtless, observed the dress he wore, tried to conceal himself as he passed him, by putting his handkerchief before his face. He followed him, at a distance,

to the inn called the *Vicomte de Turenne*, which he saw him and the woman enter; and being now certain of success, he ran to inform the Ambassador. The Marquis de St. Gilles immediately repaired to the inn, wrapped in a cloak, and followed by his page and two servants. He desired the landlord to show him to the room of a young man and woman, who had lodged for some time in his house. The landlord, for some time, refused to do so, unless the Marquis would give their name. The page told him to take notice, that he was speaking to the Spanish Ambassador, who had strong reasons for wishing to see the persons in question. The innkeeper said, they wished not to be known, and that they had absolutely forbidden him to admit any body into their apartment, who did not ask for them by name, but that since the Ambassador desired it, he would show him their room. He then conducted them up to a dirty, miserable garret. He knocked at the door, and waited for some time; he then knocked again pretty loudly, upon which the door was half-opened. At the sight of the Ambassador, and his suite, the person who opened it immediately closed it again, exclaiming, that they had made a mistake. The Ambassador pushed hard against him, forced his way in, made a sign to his people to wait outside, and remained in the room. He saw before him a very handsome young man, whose appearance perfectly corresponded with the description, and a young woman, of great beauty, and remarkably fine person, whose countenance, form, colour of the hair, &c., were also precisely those described by the Count de Moncade. The young man spoke first. He complained of the violence used in breaking into the apartment of a stranger, living in a free country, and under the protection of its laws. The Ambassador stepped forward to embrace him, and said, "It is useless to feign, my dear Count; I know you, and I do not come here to give pain to you or

to this lady, whose appearance interests me extremely." The young man replied, that he was totally mistaken; that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant of Cadiz; that the lady was his wife; and, that they were travelling for pleasure. The Ambassador, casting his eyes round the miserably-furnished room, which contained but one bed, and some packages of the shabbiest kind, lying in disorder about the room. "Is this, my dear child (allow me to address you by a title, which is warranted by my tender regard for your father), is this a fit residence for the son of the Count de Moncade?" The young man still protested against the use of any such language, as addressed to him. At length, overcome by the entreaties of the Ambassador, he confessed, weeping, that he was the son of the Count de Moncade, but declared, that nothing should induce him to return to his father, if he must abandon a woman he adored. The young woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the feet of the Ambassador, telling him, that she would not be the cause of the ruin of the young Count; and that generosity, or rather, love, would enable her to disregard her own happiness, and, for his sake, to separate herself from him. The Ambassador admired her noble disinterestedness. The young man, on the contrary, received her declarations with the most desperate grief. He reproached his mistress, and declared, that he would never abandon so estimable a creature, nor suffer the sublime generosity of her heart to be turned against herself. The Ambassador told him, that the Count de Moncade was far from wishing to render her miserable, and that he was commissioned to provide her with a sum sufficient to enable her to return into Spain, or to live where she liked. Her noble sentiments, and genuine tenderness, he said, inspired him with the greatest interest for her, and would induce him to go to the utmost limits of his powers, in the sum he was to give her; that he,

therefore, promised her ten thousand florins, that is to say, about twelve hundred pounds, which would be given her the moment she surrendered the promise of marriage she had received, and the Count de Moncade took up his abode in the Ambassador's house, and promised to return to Spain. The young woman seemed perfectly indifferent to the sum proposed, and wholly absorbed in her love, and in the grief of leaving him. She seemed insensible to every thing but the cruel sacrifice which her reason, and her love itself, demanded. At length, drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage, signed by the Count, "I know his heart too well," said she, "to need it." Then she kissed it again and again, with a sort of transport, and delivered it to the Ambassador, who stood by, astonished at the grandeur of soul he witnessed. He promised her, that he would never cease to take the liveliest interest in her fate, and assured the Count of his father's forgiveness. "He will receive with open arms," said he, "the prodigal son, returning to the bosom of his distressed family; the heart of a father is an exhaustless mine of tenderness. How great will be the felicity of my friend on the receipt of these tidings, after his long anxiety and affliction; how happy do I esteem myself, at being the instrument of that felicity." Such was, in part, the language of the Ambassador, which appeared to produce a strong impression on the young man. But, fearing lest, during the night, love should regain all his power, and should triumph over the generous resolution of the lady, the Marquis pressed the young Count to accompany him to his hotel. The tears, the cries of anguish, which marked this cruel separation, cannot be described; they deeply touched the heart of the Ambassador, who promised to watch over the young lady. The Count's little baggage was not difficult to remove, and, that very evening, he was installed in the finest apartments in the Ambassador's

house. The Marquis was overjoyed in having restored to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its greatness, and of its magnificent domains. On the following morning, as soon as the young Count was up, he found tailors, dealers in cloth, lace, stuff, &c., out of which he had only to choose. Two valets de chambre, and three laquais, chosen by the Ambassador for their intelligence and good conduct, were in waiting in his anti-chamber, and presented themselves, to receive his orders. The Ambassador showed the young Count the letter he had just written to his father, in which he congratulated him on possessing a son, whose noble sentiments and striking qualities were worthy of his illustrious blood, and announced his speedy return. The young lady was not forgotten; he confessed that to her generosity he was partly indebted for the submission of her lover, and expressed his conviction that the Count would not disapprove the gift he had made her, of ten thousand florins. That sum was remitted, on the same day, to this noble and interesting girl, who left the Hague without delay. The preparations for the Count's journey were made; a splendid wardrobe, and an excellent carriage, were embarked at Rotterdam, in a ship bound for France, on board which a passage was secured for the Count, who was to proceed from that country to Spain. A considerable sum of money, and letters of cre-

dit on Paris, were given him at his departure; and the parting between the Ambassador and the young Count was most touching. The Marquis de St. Gilles awaited with impatience the Count's answer, and enjoyed his friend's delight by anticipation. At the expiration of four months, he received this long-expected letter. It would be utterly impossible to describe his surprise on reading the following words. "Heaven, my dear marquis, never granted me the happiness of becoming a father, and, in the midst of abundant wealth and honours, the grief of having no heirs, and seeing an illustrious race end in my person, has shed the greatest bitterness over my whole existence. I see, with extreme regret, that you have been imposed upon by a young adventurer, who has taken advantage of the knowledge he had, by some means, obtained, of our old friendship. But your Excellency must not be the sufferer. The Count de Moncade is, most assuredly, the person whom you wished to serve; he is bound to repay what your generous friendship hastened to advance, in order to procure him a happiness which he would have felt most deeply. I hope, therefore, Marquis, that your Excellency will have no hesitation in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand louis of France, of the disbursal of which you sent me an account."

A BLOODY DEED, AND DESPERATELY DESPATCHED.

Shakespeare.—Richard III.

IT was on one of those bright dancing days of autumn, in the year —, that at dawn of morning I quitted a small hamlet on the Italian side of the Splügen, and having ascended its pass, struck off into that singular mountainous district, well known as the chain of the Haute and Basse Engadine, girt in on the one side by the mountains of the Grisons,

and on the other by its romantic brethren of the Valteline. It was one of those bracing, cheerful, sunny mornings, so in unison with the feelings of home and country and clime, that the enthusiasm of a young and ardent memory conferred a new and delightful character on a scene, sufficiently impressive in itself to secure an abstracted and engrossing admira-

ration. I had just left behind me the land of romance, and was on the threshold of liberty and freedom; and Nature seemed to me to proclaim that for her also there was an elasticity of spirit, denied to her influences and operations in more southern latitudes. There undoubtedly exists some secret and inexplicable union between her and the social institutions of man. In what manner her powers are influential and communicable I cannot pretend to explain; but the fact is abundantly perceptible, as operating on the genius and character of different nations, so as to admit of no dispute. I was not alone benefited on this occasion by the spirit-stirring feeling of such atmospheric emotions. My honest companion Sebastian, who had acted as my guide the last few days, and was thus working a passage back to his own loved mountains, partook enthusiastically of my sensations. This man was a native of one of the villages in the neighbourhood of Altorf, and consequently a German Switzer. He had been detained in Italy from various causes for a long period, and his gratitude on once more breathing his native air, and scaling his native hills, and gazing on the bright blue sky which canopied the utmost range of the Engadine, was, indeed, eloquent and expressive. It was my good or ill-fortune to be associated for some considerable time, in 181—, with the advanced guard of the Austrian army, under the orders of General G—. You, who are a military man, and had in some measure prepared me for the *belle tenue* of the German soldiery, may well imagine the effect the *premier coup-d'œil* produced—the effect of a body of these men, amounting to 30,000, marching eight in line, in order of battle. I shall never forget the impression. There they were, on one of those straight, broad, majestic military roads, with which Napoleon had embellished, not only France, but wheresoever his influence and interests extended. Their white

uniforms and polished arms gleamed in the sun-beams; there was the muscular stature and the precision of discipline, and the mechanical regularity of columns evolutioning independently in so vast a mass, and so comparatively a confined space, that I could not contemplate this moving camp without astonishment and admiration. A nearer association quickly dissipated all my preconceived notions of these men. The precise regularity of their discipline and *tenue* I could easily trace to characteristic, or rather disciplined apathy, and a callous instinct of technical subordination. Their *morale*, if such it may be called, depended on an organized servility of mind and body; and there was a heaviness,—an inaction in their every movement—a dull listlessness in their every look, which stamped them as mere animal organs of a system of long and secure tyranny. Now Sebastian was a German in *physique*; he had all the muscle and preponderance which a broad chest, compact limbs and a just height can promise—but there ended the German. The activity of body, and the lightness of heart, and the open sunny brow, and the intelligent eye, where the whole man nestled—the downright honesty and independence of this good creature, all proclaimed he was an heir of liberty, and a child of Switzerland; and yet it is the custom to call these men mercenaries. It is surely an invidious and misapplied designation. Did these men act as mercenaries on the 10th of August 1793? Did they act as mercenaries in April 1815?—and how many other occasions could I enumerate! But I have already digressed too far. I thought it right, however, you should have some *esquisse* of Sebastian. *Il avait servi*, of course, which a huge sabre-cut on his left cheek sufficiently intimated: but he was unlike your Frenchman, who takes care to acquaint you with this important fact in the first three words he utters, accompanied with an insolent comment of superi-

ority over every other service in the world; Sebastian's allusion to his military career was modestly elicited in the detail of some facts upon which I was questioning him. He had risen to be corporal in the young Guard; but he delicately abstained from good report or evil report of the service, which in all probability he had been compelled to embrace, as a conscript and a foreigner. We were traversing a *border* country, though perhaps not in the strict geographical sense. However, nature, in this instance had perpetuated the extension of the border line beyond the prescribed limits of human polity. The wild, uncultivated, lone character of the scenery confirmed her chart. Even the language of these wilds had nothing in common with a national origin; it was a barbarous *mélange* of the Venetian *patois* with low German—the German of poor Sebastian; not one sentence of which could I comprehend. Fortunately for me he spoke Italian well, so that was the medium of our communication. My great object, I should tell you, was to cross the country to Coire, which was the capital of the Grisons. I had formed my arrangements so as to descend into the Grisons by evening, and had marked out the baths of A—u— as my resting-place for the night. Sebastian had some years before traversed this line of country. I could perceive, as we advanced, he was ill at ease. "Ah, Signor," he remarked, "c'è l'aria gentile, c'è il cielo ci sono le montagne—ma veramente tutto questo non è la Svizzera." In the course of conversation he confirmed what I had before heard of the bad and suspicious character of this district. The relaxation of the system adopted in the French police, and every where exercised when and where the influence of France extended, had produced corresponding bad effects. I mention this now, from a very remarkable circum-

stance, which has only lately been made public, in regard to the police and the *morale* of a country, hitherto deemed integral, and unsullied on such points. In the very year of which I am now treating, one of the magistrates of the canton of Lucerne* (it has since been ascertained) was murdered, on his road home from the capital; and it is only very recently this fact was detected, and has since been traced to an organized band of ruffians, the centre and nucleus of whose haunts have been tracked to this very district; and through the incidental medium of the recent investigations, they have been completely detected, and I believe are in a course of annihilation. It is a curious, and I may say authentic commentary of my tale. We have often compared notes and feelings in our different journeys through some of the finest scenery in Europe. You were always as enthusiastic for the Pyrenees as I was for the Abruzzi, or the wild sea range of the Garganus. Fortunately there is a variety of beauty in this eldest-born mountain majesty of nature, sufficient to satisfy the tastes, the caprices, or the peculiar bent of individual enthusiasm. The tract of country I am now writing of was certainly eminent in romantic interest, and wonderfully calculated to engender emotions of sublimity and rapturous thought.—We had been gradually trending to the northwest, and leaving the higher range of the Engadine, when suddenly our path struck into a narrow rocky defile, at the bottom of which thundered the Inn, in deafening echoes, as it bounded over successive falls, in pursuit of its regular channel. The continuity of this pass, and the nature of it, if it lessened the general interest of the landscape, concentrated in itself a *depth* of scenery, which was of a character to engross the entire soul. The soft blue mountains of Italy were no longer discernible. We

* See the curious process now under investigation, and lately transferred to the Canton of Zurich.

had exchanged the green velvet sward of the Engadine for the rocky, toilsome passage of a defile, which, as we advanced, seemed to perplex us, in its aspect, its windings, and fearful phantasms. It would seem that we were shut up, as it were, with nature in one of the strong-holds of her birthright, and under the spell of one of her wildest moods. The sun had passed the meridian, and we could only attest his influence in the dim light and swarthy shadow of the perspective before us. The double chain of rocks that form this unique *tableau* appear never-ending—a perpetuity of desolation: abrupt angles succeeding rapidly one the other, and ravine upon ravine, exercising the patience of the traveller, until the restlessness and variety of the scene communicated their feverish impulses to his mind. These guardian boundaries of this glen are of a prodigious height, and in some parts their sides so wonderfully smooth and precipitate, that it would seem the polish of human ingenuity, did not their colossal proportions at once convince you of how little avail would be the efforts of man, in such a chaos of sublimity. Sometimes rearing their bare points in all the naked majesty of independence; sometimes studded with the drooping larch, imploring mercy of their ruggedness, they impend over the passing pilgrim in a threatening manner, while their peaks almost meet in gigantic fellowship. As we traversed from one side to the other, we crossed bridges, thrown as it were by some magic power over the confounding and incalculable depth below, where rushed and roared rapidly the dark and stormy Inn, in faint and mournful echo to the astonished ear. It was close to one of these alpine bridges, under which two successive falls swept along to their destination, and at its further extremity where an abrupt elbow of this perplexing labyrinth opened to view the vales of the Grisons, and the distant mountain of the Selvieta,

that I observed a rude stone, upon which a short but fearful legend had been inscribed, but now half effaced.

"A turban carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown—
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The koran verse that mourns the dead—
Point out the spot where Hassan fell,
A victim in that lonely dell."

Giacur.—Lord Byron.

The confiding victim in this instance, it seems, had been hurled off his horse into the black abyss beneath, by his treacherous guide. I leaned over the frail wooden parapet. No struggle to paralyze the hands, no cry of agony to smite the ear of guilt; one horror-stricken glance perhaps reflected back on his murderer's visage, would surely settle there in all the gloom, and with all the freshness, and all the dreadful perpetuity of the doomed and wandering Cain. The baths of A—u—, where we arrived at sunset, stand romantically alone in one of the sylvan dells which branch out of the main valley of L—. I could get no accommodation here, so hurried forward to the Valteline frontier hamlet of F—r. At the extremity of this vale, which as you proceed shrinks within itself, and abundant as it is with fine timber, the twilight dimness of the hour gave it the appearance of a forest we were traversing. The distance we had yet to perform was a league and a half, and wearied as I was with the day's march, I was willing enough to indulge those sinister fancies which fatigue, disappointment and the gloominess of the night concur so naturally to engender. The moon had risen, but the mountain gusts of the autumnal eve congregated the clouds in heavy masses. Sometimes we were in utter darkness, and perplexed with incertitude at such intervals as to our progress. Sometimes the moon rode triumphantly in the heavens, clear and beautiful, as though nothing had power to disturb the calm serenity of her virgin brow; and then a darker shadow revelled under the ancient cork-trees which intercepted our path, and the

surrounding mountains were enveloped in a darker mantle, their towering crests alone illumined by the radiant flood of light, which reposed on the outline of the horizon, and along the gurgling rivulet it rippled and danced, as well pleased with the ever-changing silvery smile of her own features. In such hours as this, is there music in every sound, and beauty in every object; the mind concentrates into itself all its rich resources; it soars superior to the cold abandonment which is all around; the solitude is enriched with a glowing portraiture, and all the nobler aspirations of devotion, and all the kindlier emotions of the poor human heart, the frank impulses of generous enthusiasm, the sacred chivalry of love, the deep sigh of repentance, the wildest visions of hope, start into a beautiful reality under such auspices and at such hours; the white and dazzling hours which chequer so rarely the dark calendar of man's pilgrimage to the world of spirits. I was roused out of myself by Sebastian pointing out a light that gleamed dimly at some short distance. We both hailed it as a prelude to the termination of our labours. It was a rude, vast, rambling sort of tenement, flanked by a small court-yard, at the threshold of which was an outhouse, filled with fuel and lumber. The moon shone bright into this almost roofless habitation, and full on the features of a low swarthy man, who had not remarked my entrance, and was employed in sharpening a large *couteau de chasse*. At the sound of my voice he raised a piercing pair of gray ferret eyes, which scowled at me from under his beetle brow. His face was deadly pale; his long and matted hair framed suitably a set of gaunt features. There was a determination in the manner, however, with which his lean muscular arm grasped still closer his *couteau* on my abrupt accostal. On understanding at length the purport of it, the shade which had gathered over his pale countenance passed off, and pointing

with his lean hand to the house, he disappeared at once. You may imagine that such a being, under such circumstances, gave us no very flattering idea of his associates. An old woman, however, by her unwelcome information soon erased all memory of this uncouth Cerberus. The hamlet of F— was yet far distant, and there was no prospect of a better lodging for the night than her *osteria* afforded. We had no resource then, and fairly worn out with hunger and fatigue, I gladly followed the beldame through a spacious stone entrance hall, from whence various passages diverged, into one of the latter; and, after a short pause, halted at the foot of a drop ladder, by which I was requested to precede my hostess into my apartment for the night. This apartment in no way corresponded to its mode of entrance. It had evidently formed part of one of those châteaux so common in the middle ages to frontier countries and mountainous districts, where every feudal lord was independent in the fastnesses of his own strong hold. Many of these yet exist in the loftier range of the Grisons, and I had passed the ruins of more, beetling amidst the rocky defiles of the Haute Engadine.— They seem to be the last link of that heavy chain of despotism which so long enslaved the moral energies of a whole people; the last visible memorial of those ages of darkness and ruin, to which themselves are now hastening. It was a long narrow and vaulted saloon into which we entered. A straw mattress lay at the further end, which with a chair or two of faded fanciful embroidery and an old table, was the sole furniture. There was that damp, charnel-house smell, which so well indicates the empire of desertion and neglect; the candle flickered in the dank vapour, which seemed to resent this invasion of its habitual gloom; the voice sounded hollow and unearthly; the foot clanked unseemly on the black oaken floor. The walls were rudely wainscotted, but,

from the remnants of some tattered hangings, appeared originally to have been tapestried. A rude stone abutment at the extremity had filled up an old bay window, in which were cut two narrow loop-holes, substituted for windows. "It will be quite a different thing, Signor, when the fire is kindled," said my departing hostess. I gazed at the carved lofty frontal and yawning vacancy of the hearth; my anticipations of cheerfulness and warmth from such a quarter were not so sanguine, and in a moment I was left in darkness, to my own reflections. I cannot say how long I remained a tenant of one of the old arm chairs, half musing, half dozing before the cheerless fireplace, but I remember being startled by a steady ray of light bursting close upon me, and which, on inspection I found proceeded from a sliding pannel-door on one side of me which had been imperfectly closed. I pushed it back, and found myself in a small apartment, flooded with the moonlight, and promising from contrast all that comfort and snugness, which had long since deserted the saloon. The same close smell indeed pervaded it, but not the same air of total abandonment. It was clothed with faded green hangings, and a bed of similar furniture occupied a great portion of it; it seemed originally to have served as an oratory, for in one corner there was a stone table, surmounted by a cross, an empty niche for the patron saint, and an iron bracket and chain, from which a lamp had been suspended. The curtains were carefully closed around the bed, and the light streaming through a deep-set oriel window, of which the rude transept of stone-work alone remained, fell upon an open missal and a crucifix on its seat; and hard by on the floor lay a lamp, which from the dusky stain around had been overthrown hastily. I unclosed the curtains—and whether from the force of a heated imagination, or the peculiar effect and influence of the light and shadow, or the accidental

arrangement of the bed-clothes, it was as though a corpse was huddled together under that coverlid. It was the work of a moment to destroy this horrible surmise, by laying the couch open to view; and it was only with a different, though by no means lessened feeling of disgust, that I perceived one dark, continuous mass of blood, which had spread itself over the entire sheets. The pillow alone was fresh, and heightened the sickening contrast—but on displacing this, the under part was literally clotted with some of the human hair stiffened in the gore. I turned away, sick at heart, carefully closing the pannel after me; and before I had time to reflect on my future movements a young girl had brought candles, lighted some wood in the grate, and was preparing my bed. In a few minutes appeared Sebastian, with my omelette and a bottle of wine; and with as much carelessness as I could assume, I questioned him respecting the state of affairs below. "Non dubitate, Signor," was his reply; "there is a fine blazing fire in the kitchen, and a noble one it is—and our only inmates the old landlady and her servant girl."—"What then has become of that sinister-looking fellow with the *couteau*?"—"Oh, Signor, he is gone home to F—, where he lives, and is only occasionally employed here out of charity. Non dubitate," he added, his kind open brow lighting up, and apparently all the kinder for the fire and the food of the cucina. I beckoned him to follow me, and at once showed him the cause of my uneasiness. The poor fellow turned away instinctively, but after a pause, his eye glancing on the open missal and crucifix, "Ah! Signor, *sara una povera morta nelle doglie del parto!*" I then slowly displaced the pillow, and held the light to the offending part—the palpable evidences of guilt. The effect was like lightning on poor Sebastian; his face and form alike were white and still as marble. "Veramente, Signor, *questo e troppo orribile!*" and he rushed

from the oratory. The girl soon made her appearance to remove my almost untasted supper. Unintentionally offering her a glass of wine, she pushed it from her with a rude hasty gesture, which escaped neither of us. It had been agreed between us that we should separate no more, and Sebastian having intimated his intention of sleeping in my chamber, the girl withdrew, and shortly an uniform stillness reigned throughout the old chateau. It was now late, and the moon would set in half an hour; we debated whether we should quietly attempt to reach F—, or retrace our steps to A—. We had ample ground for suspicion, but nothing like proof to declare those suspicions as a ground for our departure at this unseasonable hour; nay, we deemed it wiser to keep the secret of our horrible discovery in the very *scene* of its action, as any intimation of our dark knowledge of such a crime (if crime there had been) could only hasten the catastrophe; the *dénouement* of which appeared entirely at the option and in the power of our mysterious hosts, (for such there must have been) though we communicated only with the old beldame and her servant. It was clear if any evil was intended, and if the character of the people to whom we conceived ourselves committed was such as we had reason to expect—it was clear we were in their toils; the hasty disappearance of the ruffian of the out-house, the time which had elapsed, and the consequent means of collecting his associates, would baffle any attempt of effectual escape at this crisis, and we accordingly agreed to await the issue where we were, rather than hasten, by any overt act of suspicion and distrust, the violent solution of an affair on less defensible ground. I had a brace of pistols with me and a sword-stick, and having primed the former, and laid the sword upon the table, I proceeded to pledge Sebastian on the prospect of holding out till morning, supplied as we were, in our state of siege, with fire and can-

dle, a double portion of the latter having been surreptitiously procured from the kitchen by the faithful Swiss. He hastily, however, seized the wooden cup and wine jug, and poured their contents into the grate, reminding me of the unusual reluctance and denial of the servant to partake of them. It occurred to me next to secure the only perceptible mode of ascent to the saloon, by drawing up the drop-ladder; but on examination we had been anticipated in our designs by some one, for it had disappeared, and we were fairly prisoners of war. As there was no room now for further debate or hesitation, Sebastian stretched his full and brawny length against the door by way of an effectual barrier; and then, poor fellow, with a pistol in his grasp, urged me to sleep while he watched. The very idea of sleep was out of the question for me, and wrapping my plaid around me, I sat mechanically watching the embers, in no very enviable state of mind. Good God! what an eternity of time did the succeeding hour appear, to my restless, feverish, conjuring brain. At one time I endeavored to explain away appearances; at another the fearful spectacle of the adjoining room at once dissipated every shadow of doubt; and I was possessed with the racking reality, that I was not only breathing the tainted air of murder, but probably was marked out as the next victim on the same altar; then succeeded the dear and desperate conflict of life and death. I balanced nicely the calculation of numbers against the singleness of our righteous cause; the daring carelessness of these men of blood, hardened and emboldened by a long career of successful crime, against the security of our position, and the wariness of awakened caution; the determined character of our resolves, the interested unity of our fellowship, and that host in himself, Sebastian—a match for a multitude in courage and constancy, with our local superiority. I remember often examining the priming of my

pistol on that eventful night, and bending the blade of my sword nearly double, to prove its staunchness and right metal. I imagined the advance of the enemy, and arranged exactly where I should smite him with the sword, and what position I should take up to use my pistol close and effectually, sharpening the edge of the flint mechanically; in short, such and a thousand similar reflections and plans occupied my restless thoughts, while my honest companion was sleeping tranquilly, occasionally disturbing the profound stillness by his hard and fitful breathing. I think it might have been an hour after midnight, when I was roused from a waking doze by a shrill whistle echoing through the apartment, and then followed the tramp of horses; I placed my ear to the loop-hole, and so accurate is the instinct of every sense connected with self-preservation, that I could distinguish the different paces, and counted at short intervals the tramp of five horsemen who halted in the courtyard, but without dismounting.—Presently there was a gleam of light shot athwart the intense gloom of the morning, and a low indistinct parley was held with some one at the door of the house. The words

"*siamo tardi*," reached my ear; and on a repetition of "*fra poco, fra poco*," they wheeled about, and I caught them in a line as they defiled singly through the gate, from my loop-hole. There they were four of them, muffled in long cloaks, and the last with a led horse; while a strange man whom we had not before seen, carried a lantern, and with him another muffled horseman, who had evidently just dismounted; these two last followed the cavalcade out of the court, and in an instant they were out of sight. Sebastian was at my side during this reconnoissance. "They are gone to the stable, Signor," and again for a long interval we were all eyes and ears for the result of this arrival. Anon the shutting of a distant door reached us, the loud echo resounding through the long and lone passages of the building. Anon the noise of coming feet, and the suppressed whisperings of confused voices. We cocked our pistols. "Couki I, Signor, but secure the ladder!" were the last words I heard from poor Sebastian. In a second he had rushed out—in less than another there was a heavy fall, with the report of a pistol—then a faint, low moan, and * * *

THE FUNERAL BRIDE.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

It is but day-break—yet Count Leon's halls
Are crowded with the young, the gay, the fair;
And there is music, and all sign of mirth—
The board that shines with silver, and with wine,
Sparkling like liquid ruby in bright cups;
And the white marble floor is strewn with flowers,
Where every beauty wears a snowy robe,
Blushing most consciously at the soft words
That dark-eyed cavaliers are whispering.
It is a bridal—but where is the bride?
Enter yon lofty room—the bride is there.

Jewels are by her that a king might give,
His favourite daughter's dower; and her bright hair
Has pearls that Cleopatra might have worn,
Pure as just from the ocean treasure-cave;—
They are the lover's gifts, and he is one
Of Genoa's richest nobles; and the bride,
Genoa has no loveliness like hers.
The orange buds were placed upon her breast,
Yet Isabel moved not: paused she to take
One last look on the sweet face in her mirror—

To watch the rainbow-light her coronet
Threw o'er her forehead from its many gems!
Oh, no! where is the conscious smile, the blush,
That should light lady's cheek at such a time?
Her mother saw—albeit she would not seem
To mark the absence of the maiden's mind,
But led her forth where friends and kinsmen stay'd
Her coming in the gay and gorgeous hall:
Pity was mix'd with wonder as she came—
Wonder at her exceeding loveliness—
And pity—there were many knew her heart
And hand went not together. Forth she came,
Like the sweet rising of the summer moon,—
Beautiful, but so very, very pale,
The crimson even from her lip was gone.
She stood—a statue which has every charm
Of woman's perfect beauty—but her blush.
The silver veil that o'er her forehead hung
Half hid its paleness, and the downcast eye
That droop'd with tears, seem'd only modest fear.

On they went to the temple, and they stood
Before the altar, where for the first time
The bridegroom leant close beside Isabel,—
And the next moment she lay on the steps,
Pale as the marble which her cold cheek press'd.
—The feast was turn'd to mourning, and the flowers,
The bridal flowers, bestrew'd the winding-sheet;
The instruments broke off in a dead pause,
And the rich board was spread in vain.—

Next night, by torchlight, did they bear the bride
Into the vault where slept her ancestors.
Wail'd the wild dirge, and waved the sable plume,
Spread the dark pall—and childless they went home.

But there was one whose misery was madness—
One to whom Isabel had been the hope
Which had made life endurable, who lived
For her, and in her—who, in childhood's days,
Had been the comrade of her summer walk;
They had grown up together, and had loved,
Uncheck'd, until Cesario's father died,
And the proud fortunes of his ancient house
Seem'd falling, and the orphan youth had left
But little, save his honourable name.
Then came the greeting cold, the careless look,
All that adversity must ever know;—
They parted him and Isabel; but still
There is a hope in love, unquenchable,—
A flame, to which all things are oil, while safe
In the affection which it knows return'd.
And the young lover had some gallant dreams
Of wooing fame and fortune with his sword,
And by these winning his own Isabel.

At that time Genoa battled with the Turk,
And all her young nobility went forth
To earn their country and and themselves renown:
And home they came again, and with them brought
Tidings of victory o'er the infidel.
Cesario was the first that sprung to land,
While his name rose in triumph from the crowd,
For his fame was before him; yet he made
No pause to listen, though his breast beat high
With honourable joy; but praise was not
Worth love to the young hero, and he sought
Tidings, sweet tidings of his Isabel.
He drew his cloak around his martial garb,
Look'd on the evening sky, which was to him
Like morning to the traveller, and found
The garden nook, where one small hidden bower
Was the green altar Memory raised to Love.

The Funeral Bride.

How much the heart, in its young hours of passion,
 Delights to link itself with lovely things,
 With moonlight, stars, and songs, fountains and flowers;
 As if foreboding made its sympathy,—
 Alike so very fair, so very frail!
 It was within this bower they went to meet;
 And one amid their many parting vows
 Was, that the twilight should be consecrate
 Still to each other; and, though far away,
 Their thoughts, at least, should blend. And Isabel
 Vow'd to the pale Madonna that one hour;
 And said that every setting sun should hear
 Her orisons, within that lonely bower,
 Rise for Cesario. It was twilight now,
 And the young warrior deem'd that he should meet
 In her green temple his beloved one.
 'Twas a sweet solitude, and mingled well
 Present and past together; myrtle stems
 Shook silver flowers from their blossom'd boughs,
 And in the shelter of a cypress tree
 Stood the Madonna's image, the white arms
 Cross'd in the deep humility of love.
 Heavenward the sweet and solemn brow was raised,
 And lips, whose earthly loveliness yet seem'd
 To feel for earthly misery, had prayers
 Upon their parted beauty; and around
 Roses swung perfume from their purple urns.
 He waited there until the laurel leaves,
 With silver touched, grew mirrors for the moon;
 But yet she came not near—at length he saw
 Her lute flung careless on the ground, with rust
 Upon its silver strings, and by its side
 A wreath of wither'd flowers. He gazed no more—
 His heart was as if frozen—it had sunk
 At once from its high pitch of happiness.—

He sought her father's palace, for his fear
 Was more than he could suffer:—there he learnt
 His own, his beautiful, was in the grave;
 And, it was told, laid there by love of him.
 He stay'd no question, but rush'd to the church,
 Where gold soon won his entrance to her tomb.
 Scarce the lamp show'd the dim vault where he stood
 Before the visible presence of the dead.
 And down the warrior bow'd his face, and wept
 For very agony, or ere he nerved
 His eye to gaze on that once worshipp'd brow.
 At last he look'd—'twas beautiful as life,—
 The blue vein lighted up the drooping lid,—
 The hair like sunshine lay upon the cheek,
 Whose rose was yet like summer,—and the lip,
 He could not choose but kiss it, 'twas so red;—
 He started from its touch, for it was warm,
 And there was breath upon it,—and the heart,
 As if it only lived to beat for him,
 Now answer'd to his own. No more, no more!—
 Why lengthen out the tale?—words were not made
 For happiness so much as sorrowing.
 The legend of the Buried Bride is yet
 A household history in Genoa,
 Told by young lovers, in their day of hope,
 Encouraging themselves: such is the fate
 That waits fidelity.

L. E. L.

A. DEVONSHIRE TRADITION.

"It is old and plain;
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it. SHAKESPEARE.

IT was on a Saturday night, about the latter end of October in the year 1638, that the little ale-house at Widdicombe in the Moor, in Devonshire, was crowded with the villagers, who were in the habit of concluding the toils of the week with the genuine home-brewed, for which the landlady, Peggy Dodcome, was famous throughout the moor.

Among them was Guy Clinton, the nephew of the parish vicar; a man who had reached the middle stage of life, and, though reputed wealthy and of good extraction, either from choice or necessity, was rarely seen except in society far beneath the rank he had a right to assume. He had, till lately, lived abroad from his youth, and had been much at sea; but, as the service in which he had engaged never transpired, it was conjectured that the Spanish main, and the neighbouring haunts of the Buccaneers, had been the scenes of his exploits. This conjecture was in a measure confirmed by the overbearing insolence of his demeanour, and the unrestrained licentiousness of his conversation.

On the return of Guy to his native land, his venerable uncle at first received him with affection and kindness, as the orphan son of a beloved sister; but his habits of debauchery soon rendered him a guest unmeet for the quiet walls of the vicarage; and, after repeated attempts to reclaim him, he was desired to seek another residence.

This was a matter of perfect indifference to Guy; he had been too long accustomed to a frequent change of quarters to prefer one house to another; and the Drake's Head furnished a table at least equal to his uncle's, and a cask much more ready

for the tap. He was, besides, looked up to in the public room as one whose "voice potential" was at all times admitted to be decisive on every point to which it addressed itself.

On the night referred to, the conversation had turned upon pisies,* and other supernatural beings, and stories horrible or ludicrous succeeded each other with unabated volubility. Here Guy was quite at home; the phantoms of the deep he described with a chilling minuteness which had a visible effect on the nerves of his auditors. Guy declared he had seen Davy Jones, as the enemy of man is called by mariners, unnumbered times; sometimes in the shape of a flickering flame at the head of the vessel—at others like a huge bird on the topmast, a hundred leagues from land; now in the storm, howling along the deck, like a furious mastiff, for his prey; and now in the calm and quiet moonlight, like a wailing female, ahead of the ship, endeavouring to entice the pitying seamen to their destruction. "In short," said Guy, "I have seen him in almost every shape; but I have never yet had the luck to meet him."

"So much the better, master Guy, I should think," said one of the villagers.

"No doubt you think so, Lawrence Tollfree," replied Guy, "because you know you'd rather tumble headlong into your mill-head in December, than go within a gunshot of the churchyard after dark by yourself; but don't measure other folk's corn by your own bushel—which, by the way, every body says is somewhat of the smallest. But here sit I, who fear nothing either above or below me; and if there is one thing

* In Devonshire, fairies are called pisies.

that would please me more than another, it would be just to have a night's carouse with Davy Jones: he's a jolly fellow, I'll warrant me, and as full of strange stories as an old sea chaplain." Guy closed his wish with an oath, which we must be excused repeating.

The profane wish of the sailor caused no slight sensation among the party, which was increased by the sudden appearance of a stranger, handsomely dressed in a dark-coloured suit: his hat was overshadowed by a plume of black feathers, and partly concealed a pair of eyes deeply seated in his head, but which glowed through them like the noon-day sun through opposing clouds.

The stranger called for wine, and mingled in the conversation with a deep and thrilling voice, which gave his observations, always of a sarcastic nature, an effect that drew on him the entire attention of the company. Guy was delighted with him, and a high degree of good fellowship speedily grew up between them; but the subjects of their intercourse soon became of a nature which their companions did not by any means enjoy. They spoke of crimes of the deepest die, as familiarly as though they had been their daily habits; and on sacred points became so outrageously blasphemous, that, one by one, the villagers withdrew, and left Guy and the stranger in the full enjoyment of each other's society.

Many were the hints given by Peggy Dodcome of her wish that they would retire: to which, however, no attention was paid, and the louder her remonstrances grew, the louder was the laugh, and more licentious the language in which they were drowned.

At length the village-clock tolled the hour of midnight, and Peggy could restrain her temper no longer.—"Away, sirs," said she; "is it not a shame that you will pay no regard to a lone woman, who has nothing but her tongue to trust to: were my arms as powerful as my will, I trow you would not be here long. For

God's sake, away: the cock will crow ere long, and the the devil's hour's come."

"So much the better, Peg," said Guy; "why, the devil's hours are the pleasantest, woman—eh, comrade?"

"Truly, I hope you'll find them so," answered the stranger drily.

"At least I'll try them," said Guy, "so you will bear me company; therefore, Peg, fetch us another flagon, and pledge us ere you set it down."

"Not I; an you will stay, you'll get neither drink nor light." So saying, Peggy snatched the candle from the table, secured the doors, and went off to her bed.

She left not, however, darkness behind her; a red glare, like that of summer lightning, pervaded the room. Guy knew not whence it proceeded; but it was so bright on his comrade's face that he could not look steadily on it. He was about to remark on this, when the stranger produced a flask from his pocket, and handing it to Guy, said, "Our hostess mistakes if she thinks to keep us here dry-lipped; try this, Master Guy, and tell me when you drank better canary."

"Never, never," said Guy, after a long draught; "it tingles in my veins like the pulse of a lover, when he gives the first kiss to his lady;" and Guy drank deeper than before, and thought no more how the room was lighted, nor how so small a flask could furnish such plentiful libations.

Still the morning advanced—new songs were sung, and new stories told. At length Guy produced dice and challenged his comrade, who readily agreed to try a few throws. Fortune alternately sided with each, but at length fixed with the stranger, and by dawn Guy had lost his all: he went on, however, and at length found himself a loser of a hundred marks, without the means or the hope of payment.

"Now, sir stranger!" said Guy, it last, throwing the box from him,

"how think you I may best pay you these monies?"

"Nay, I know not; your business is how—mine is only when; and, for that matter, I cannot wait."

The cool and determined manner in which this was uttered enraged Guy, who poured out a long volume of abuse on his creditor; who noticed it only by a long and bitter laugh, concluded by reiterated demands for immediate payment of the debt.

In order to escape from the scene of his misfortune, Guy at length burst open the door and rushed into the air. It was a beautiful autumnal morning; the wind was brisk, and wafted the mist along the wooded hills, sometimes concealing them in its silvery veil, and sometimes revealing them in their rich luxuriance of tint. Guy walked swiftly along, the unknown keeping ever at his side, till the bell of the church was heard in the distance, calling the villagers to early worship.

"Ha!" said Guy, stopping suddenly; "perchance my uncle would assist me in this strait for once; but I must not speak of the thing to day;" and, turning to the stranger, said—"come to me to-morrow, and my losses shall be paid."

"Not I, Master Guy—I leave you not, though you walk to eternity, till every farthing is paid. I should be less cunning than men repute me, were I to trust to a gambler."

"Villain!" exclaimed Guy, and lifted his hand to strike—but ere the blow fell, his arm sunk paralyzed and powerless by his side. Guy shuddered for the first time as he turned from his persecutor, and proceeded with rapid strides towards the church. His uncle was just entering the sacred edifice when they reached it, and Guy, more anxious than ever to rid himself of his creditor, followed the vicar; who, turning round as his kinsman addressed him, beheld the wild look and bloodshot eyes of the reveller with mingled feelings of anger and grief.

"Guy! Guy! why bring that drunken leer and staggering gait into

the house of God; shame on you—get you to bed, and scandalize not the villagers by your presence."

Guy told his necessities and requested aid.

"The little gold I possess must feed the sick and needy of the flock committed to my charge, not supply the excesses of drunkards and gamblers."

Guy began to utter protestations of repentance and promises of amendment.

"If you would truly repent, and are sincere in these promises of reform, Guy, give me at once a proof of it. Leave this companion of your wickedness, be not guided by false notions of honour—he has already possessed himself of all your wealth, what would he more? Leave him, and with him the sins and follies in which you have delighted—fly in penitence to your Maker, and what he deigns to pardon your uncle will strive to forget."

Guy put his hand to his brow, where a cloud of grief was gathering, which vanished and gave way to its naturally fierce expression, as the deep voice of the stranger exclaimed, "Guy Clinton has long been known for a desperate man; his hand has been red with blood, and his purse filled with the gold of other men; but who has ever heard that he withheld what the dice have given?"

"Who may this be, that knows more than I would might be known? Alas! Guy! that these sacred walls, where you lisped your infant prayers, and which enshrine the hallowed remains of her who bore you, should be witness to this fearful accusation! But what is past may not be recalled, and your sins, though as scarlet, may yet be cleansed. Come with me!"

The good priest seized one of the arms of Guy; the other was grasped by the stranger, at whose touch he felt as though his frame was stiffened into marble. "Hear me, Guy Clinton; what I have said, thou knowest to be true. I seek no advantage over

thee. Try with me one more throw; if the chance be thine, I give thee back all I have won from thee; if thou lose, consent to be my companion still, and never commodore gave orders to you whose power may compare with thine.—Do you agree?"

"I do," said Guy, shaking his uncle fiercely from him, and, rushing to the holy altar, produced the dice. Horror-struck at the sacrilege, the pious vicar hastened from the church, followed by the yelling laugh of the stranger. He encountered several of the parishioners in the porch, to whom he was expressing his wounded feelings, when an exclamation, uttered in a tone of triumphant derision, "Guy Clinton's mine!" was heard from within. The atmosphere, which a moment before was

bright and cloudless, suddenly became darkened: a tempest of unremembered violence thickened around them, but the roar of the wind could not drown the shrieks and groans and yells within the church, till one fierce peal of thunder had burst over their heads, and one horrid glare of lightning had wrapped the whole scene around them in a momentary blaze; then entire silence succeeded, and the sun shone as brightly, and the breeze played as gently as before. The door was opened, and the church was found to be vacant—but it had been the scene of a fatal struggle, the evidence of which yet remains in stains of blood that, to this day, are not effaced; and the annals of Devon still record the terrors of that storm.

ROCHESTER AND THE PLAYERS.

DURING a festive evening, at the merry court of Charles II. a masque had been prepared by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and being intended to be complimentary to their majesties, contained much of that gross and fulsome adulation which it would be an insult to offer to any but crowned heads. The characters were all allegorical, and the performers such as could be hastily called from a strolling company, consisting of some half dozen men, dressed up in female attire, to represent the virtues and other abstract personages. Matthew Locke had adapted music to the different scenes, and Capt. Cook had altered one of his anthems for the finale. In short, nothing was omitted, which the hurried nature of the preparation would allow, to give success and *eclat* to this little entertainment, from which the two composers, and the ingenious author of the blank verse, anticipated no small share of admiration and applause.

But, alas! what are the hopes of mortals? Rochester, who had been admitted as a great favour, and under a promise of secrecy, to one of the

rehearsals, observing the clownish nature of the rustic performers, conceived the project of one of those mischievous pranks in which he delighted; and communicating his plan to Sir Thomas Killigrew, the two conspirators proceeded immediately to put it into execution. While the musical composers were out of the way, and Sir Roger L'Estrange engaged with the company in the hall, they introduced a little collation behind the curtain, pretending that it had been sent by the king for the refreshment of the performers. Into the burned sack and other potent compounds, they infused an intoxicating mixture. The actors, unaccustomed to such insidious draughts, and willing to do all honour to his majesty, as well as to their distinguished companions, drank the king's health, and pledged their entertainers, and hobanobb'd with one another until they were sufficiently besotted to be quite ripe for a quarrel. With such vulgar natures, a scuffle and a brawl are generally the immediate consequences of ebriety. Rochester and his friend pretended to

quarrel and fight; the actors espoused different sides, and a general engagement ensued, in the midst of which the original combatants slipped away. One of them rang the bell which was to procure silence and draw the attention of the company; the other pulled up the curtain, and the eyes of their majesties and the assembled court were directed to a scene of scuffling, uproar, and wild confusion, such as has been seldom exhibited to royal, or even to plebeian observation.

Had the whole been intended as a burlesque, and the performers received instructions to travestie their various parts, they could not have more successfully reversed their respective attributes and characters. Peace, who appeared to be the foremost and most desperate of the combatants, after laying about him, right and left, with a huge olive branch, which had already felled two of the party, had pursued Victory into a corner, and, having utterly defeated him, was endeavoring to strangle him with his own wreath. Religion was cursing and swearing like a trooper at Mercy, who, having got him down to the ground, was pummelling him with a most truculent and blood-thirsty rage. Hope was seen utterly reduced to despair by Justice, who was belaboring him in a blind fury with his wooden sword. Charity, holding a bottle of sack to his mouth, was refusing a single drop of it to Faith, in spite of the most earnest supplications. Temperance, with a black eye, was lying sprawling in one corner of the stage, in a most pitiable plight of drunkenness; and Fortitude was sitting in another, crying and snivelling because Peace had given him a bloody nose.

At first the spectators were lost in an utter amazement, staring in bewilderment at the scene before them, and waiting impatiently till the hidden meaning should develop itself. Accustomed to masqueradings, pranks, gambols, and every species of farcical buffoonery, they took it for granted that the representation was

part of the regular entertainment, allegorical, perhaps, of chaos and war, out of which were ultimately to spring peace and order, and all the golden virtues of Saturn and Astræa. Of such a desirable consummation, however, there was not the least appearance. War raged with redoubled fury; the actions, language, and attitudes of the belligerents, sufficiently testified that they were not only angry in earnest, but most indisputably tipsy. The trick that had been played them was quickly buzzed about; they who were not in the secret began to guess at the truth; the real state of the case seemed to flash upon the whole assembly at once; and a simultaneous, universal roar of boisterous laughter made the vaulted and venerable roof of Christchurch Hall re-echo to its peal.

To the polished court of Charles the Second, as it has been sometimes, though most erroneously, denominated, there was nothing revolting in the grossness and irregularity of the scene before them. By no means squeamish themselves, and still less fastidious about others, they found food for an egregious and ungovernable mirth in the profane oaths, ribald language, disfigured features, drunken looks, and indecorous gestures of the actors, all of whom seemed to forget that they represented females, and were attired in petticoats. Their first fury of intoxication and anger was now subsiding, and as they gradually became sensible, in their returning soberness, that they had been guilty of a most enormous disrespect to majesty, they gazed at the august company whom they had thus outraged, with vacant, sheepish, and lack-a-daisical looks, that seemed equally compounded of drunkenness and dismay; but which only aggravated into a shriek the laughter of the spectators.

Rochester, who never wished a jest to drop, and never felt the least compunction towards its victims, heightened their terrors to the utmost by again mingling among the

actors, informing them that the king was in wrathful dudgeon, and playing upon their still bewildered faculties, until he persuaded them that they had been guilty of petty treason and leze-majesté. Finding them in a fit mood for his purpose, he led them all up in penitent plight to the royal chair, and asked the king whether it was his majesty's pleasure to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprits?

"My Lord of Rochester, well knowing your fitness for the office, we constitute you our judge and representative," replied Charles, who enjoyed the scene, though he did not wish to be at the trouble of supporting a character in it.

"Aha!" exclaimed Rochester pompously, at the same time puffing out his cheeks, pulling out the curls of his perriwig, in order to look as judicial as possible, and sinking slowly and magisterially into a chair, while Killigrew seated himself upon the ground before him, and, taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, assumed the sober look of a magistrate's clerk.

Speaking in a loud, solemn, and dictatorial tone, the mock judge then exclaimed, "Come into court, ye rascally virtues, foul-mouthed purities, and worthless excellencies! how will ye be tried, humanly or allegorically, in your persons or personifications, as ye ought to be and are not, or as ye are and ought not to be?"

The puzzled and penitent looks of the delinquents declared, without speaking, that the question was beyond their comprehension; and a dead silence ensued until Temperance, hiccupping, tottering on his knees, and fixing his drunken eyes upon Rochester with a stolid stare, mumbled out, "I'll take my oath, my lord, I'm at this moment as sober as a judge."

"As your present judge you may be," cried Charles. "'Ods fish! my friend, subpoena the king, and he shall swear to it."

"It's the first time I ever knew your majesty to be a friend to tem-

perance," said Rochester: then turning to the delinquents, he continued—"Pay attention, ye emblematical moralities and real ragamuffins, and listen to your sentence. You, Peace, were the first to break yourself, and shall, therefore, be bound over, under a heavy penalty to keep yourself. You, Mercy, showed none of yourself, and shall, therefore, receive none of yourself. Justice, you may depend upon having yourself. You, Hope, on the contrary, must give yourself up; and you, Fortitude, may prepare to act with yourself. And now, ye self-antitheses, hearken to your verdict, as the court shall record it. As his majesty would be sorry to put the cardinal virtues in the stocks, or order Faith, Hope, and Charity to be whipped at the cart's tail, in order to avoid such grievous scandal, and save ye all the shame of such an exposure, he is most graciously pleased to order that ye be jointly and severally hanged by the neck till ye be dead."

"O Lord! Lord!" cried Fortitude, who was less recovered from his intoxication than the others, and wore a face of most tipsy terror, "what will become of us—what will become of us? Do, my lord judge, show us mercy!"

"There he is," said Rochester, pointing to the man who had enacted that character, "and a more remorseless-looking rogue I never saw, there is no chance for you in his face; it is suffused all over with the gallows. You must swing, sir, you must swing."

"'Ods fish!" cried Charles, interposing, "you will frighten the fellow out of his wits. The joke has gone far enough. Begone, ye varlets! the king pardons ye all, on condition that ye get not drunk again tomorrow, for it is the fast-day. Rochester, let them be well paid, for we prefer their travestie to the intended original. The rogues would doubtless rather receive money than applause, and thus shall we be all satisfied."

AN EVENING PARTY.

"They talked about the price of things, the fashion, and the weather."

MR. MACTWIGIT, of St. Mary Axe, was a tallow chandler, and one of those hard-working, industrious tradesmen, who generally open their own shop in the morning at an early hour, and after sprinkling it, and putting things in order, finish with old Bracebridge's soliloquy, before they go to breakfast:—"Good morning, shop, now I've taken care of you, I hope you will take care of me."

Parsimony is often better known under the title of strict economy; and that, assisted by attention, caused a gradual increase of wealth to Mr. Mactwigit; until, after fifteen years of anxious labour, he had the gratification of seeing his capital amount to five thousand pounds. As he had never dreamt, when he commenced business, of being in possession of a tithe-part of that sum, he determined to enjoy himself, since he had obtained an independency, and was of the middle age; but how to do so most to his satisfaction, was the difficulty. Company, beyond that of a pipe, he had no relish for; and yet a pipe is but a dull sort of unvarying companion. He wished for something entertaining, to keep him from sleeping before bed-time, and perhaps afterwards; something to rub the rust off his mind; to make him feel the dignity of man's estate; something to rule over; something *alive* to call his own; in short, he wished a wife to crown his happiness, and he wished not in vain; for after two months' advertising in the *Times* and *Chronicle* with the addition of a week's courtship, he became the happy husband of Miss Margery Trot, spinster, owning to thirty-nine.

The blessed result of such an union as this may be easily anticipated, where taste on the female side was only to be equalled by her youth and beauty. The honey-moon appeared to the poor tallow-chandler

like a long six, as if there was never to be an end of it; whilst Mrs. Margery began to find the winter's evenings long and tiresome; for her husband had returned to his pipe and chimney-corner, seeming to forget his dulcet wishes, and wrapt in smoke to meditate on his former habits and customs, which in themselves constitute the major part of earthly happiness to a plodding mind.

What was to be done? How enliven the dreary hours by sober recreation? Reading was out of the question, for two reasons. In the first place, there was not a book on the whole domestic establishment, excepting the London Directory, and that, it must be confessed, contains much more information than amusement—and, in the second place, the eye-sight of Mrs. Margery was not well calculated for reading small print by candle-light, and spectacles are only for people who have numbered a certain quantum of years, of which she, by her own acknowledgment, (and she must know best) had many yet to come.

After some days' consideration, she determined in her own mind to have a few old friends every now and then, to form a comfortable agreeable evening party, in St. Mary Axe; but the difficulty of obtaining the consent of her lord and master was first to be surmounted.

A close siege was resolved upon; and should her first approaches fail, she vowed within herself, to worry his life out until he consented. With this sage and never failing method of prevailing, as continual dropping will wear away a stone, she opened the conference at night, immediately after getting into bed:—"Indeed my dearest Mac," quoth she, "these winter evenings are remarkably dull, and you are very remarkably dull, my love. I have been contriving, but solely for your amusement, my

life, how to make the hours pass, as the poet says—

"Like the idle wind, which we regard not."

Suppose now, for instance, we were just to ask neighbour Jones and his wife to drop in one evening next week." At this momentous crisis, the exclamation "*bah*" bursting from Mr. Mactwigit, assured his spouse, like Morgiana in the Forty Thieves, that it was "not yet, but presently," she must hope for the success of her projected plan. Foiled in her first attempt, though not in the least dismayed, she resolved to mention the circumstance again in the morning, so soon as Mr. Mac should open his eyes; likewise at breakfast, and constantly morning, noon, and night, until his ears should become so familiarized to the sound of "company," that even the very noise they might occasion, should be no bar to his nightly rest. She kept her word in good earnest, until after a fortnight's persevering efforts, poor Mac groaned his consent to an evening party after the next melting day was over; but with a proviso, that he was to be allowed to do as he pleased abroad, whilst she entertained her friends "at Home."

So far conqueror, Mrs. Margery lost no time in improving the advantage she had gained. Two card tables were added to the first-floor furniture, nearly as good as new; and a dozen little notes, with crow quill penned, were sent forth by a trusty messenger, the R. S. V. P. being conspicuous in the corner. A confectioner was held in requisition with a retaining fee, and she resolved that three full quarts of Port, and an equal quantity of Cape wine, should be sent for, from the Shades, near London Bridge.

With such a prosperous commencement, the good lady had no doubt of distinguishing herself amongst the *haut ton* at the Eastern end of the town, and of becoming equally celebrated, in time, with either of those two dashing, leading characters, so ably drawn in the novel of "A Winter in London."

Melting-day gone and passed—the hour approached for the arrival of the expected guests. A cold meat dinner was over by half an hour after one, and the whole shop closed a whole hour before the usual time, to afford a better opportunity for removing the candles into the back warehouse, in case the company should ask for a quadrille. The passage at the private entrance was sprinkled with lavender water and eau de Cologne, that it might not smell of the shop; and an elegant lamp was suspended for the occasion, trimmed by the scientific hands of Mr. Mac himself, who by degrees, had been persuaded, not only to endeavour to make himself useful, but to be introduced to the friends of his amiable spouse. Why should words be wasted on a plain brown coat, and bob-wig, which were the principal body clothes which adorned the person of the host, when the dress of Mrs. Margery vied with the colours of the rainbow? Her flaxen hair, which, when *en dishabille* very much resembled a haycock, was now twisted into large French curls, and ornamented with crimson roses. A green dress, somewhat short, with inverted flounces, according to the present fashion, was admirably calculated to exhibit a pair of elegant silk stockings and lemon coloured shoes. Upright as a dart in her gait, she felt certain of inspiring her guests, individually and collectively, with wonder and admiration, at her choice of the materials of fashion.

The shop boy, metamorphosed into a livery servant for the night, was placed in the passage, with strict injunctions to be speedy in opening the door; whilst the maid servant of all work, with hands and face thrice three times refreshed, was stationed on the landing place to usher in the parties as they arrived. The domestics having waited the best part of an hour at their posts, the good lady of the house on the tip top of expectation, the first hackney coach drew up to the door at a quarter past seven. A loud knocking was succeeded by

an awful silence; Mrs. Margery, in alarm, looked down stairs, and beheld with horror, her livery servant fast asleep, coiled up on the door mat. Vexed beyond bearing, she began muttering execrations, not loud but deep, between her teeth, when a second knock, more terrible than the first, startled the affrighted youth from his slumber, whilst the lady hostess regained in haste the apartment prepared for the reception of her guests. By eight o'clock the company, to the number of thirteen, had assembled, when Mrs. Wilkins, whose husband, when alive, was a farmer, and she a graft from his dairy, looking anxiously round the room, addressed a haberdasher, who was next to her, in an audible whisper, hoping the folks were not all come; for if they were, she could not possibly stay; as nobody should say she was such a fool as to sit a whole evening with such an unlucky number as thirteen; for as sure as a gun, said she, some of us will be in our coffins before this day twelvemonth. This sage prognostic might have had some effect, had it not been disturbed by the female servant bringing in the tea things, followed by the pro tempore footman with a dish of muffins, and one of hot buttered cakes. During the disposal of the bohea, the conversation turned upon the arts and sciences; and the subject was warmly disputed between a Captain Fume, who commanded one of the Gravesend steam-boats, and a junior clerk of the Post-office, as to whether the steam-boat, *the Scud*, would make the passage from Falmouth to Lisbon in as short a time as the "Francis Freeling" sailing packet. Captain Fume descanted loud and long upon the beneficial effects of the steam, whilst the clerk as obstinately defended the vessel which bore his master's name; adding, with much emphasis, that it would be ungrateful, indeed, in him, did he not support that, in argument, by which he obtained his bread.

Tea being over, Mrs. Margery directed the card tables to be placed;

when just as they were sitting down to commence a comfortable rubber, a violent knocking announced another arrival, and quieted the scruples of Mrs. Wilkins. The eyes of Mrs. Margery sparkled with joy—Bless me, 'tis Mrs. Pillblister, the apothecary's lady, said she; we shall hear all the news." An old lady, upon a large scale, dressed in strict conformity to "*La Belle Assemblée*" for the month, was now introduced; and ambling into the room, commenced an apology for coming so late; "but really," added she, "people who keep their own equipage are less independent than those who are compelled to hire; for at one time a horse is unwell, at another the coachman is bilious; so that one never knows when one can depend upon having one's own carriage for one's own use." Bowing and curtsying over, seats were resumed, and a card-table filled, Mrs. Pillblister lost no time in pouring forth to the delighted Mrs. Margery and her auditory, all the scandal she had collected and invented for this occasion; when, having talked herself out of breath, she expressed a desire to play a rubber. This was declined by so many of the party, that Mrs. Margery was in want of *one* to make up; so looked about for her husband; but he had quitted the room. On ringing the bell, the livery servant appeared. "Simon, where is your master?" enquired she.—"Why, please ma'am, he be down smoking his pipe in the back shop."—Had he fallen out of the three pair of stairs window into the street, Mrs. Mactwigit would not have felt more amazed, though she might have been more delighted; but, desiring the servant to tell her husband she wanted him directly, and to make haste, she placed her party in readiness to begin. Mr. Mac hastened to obey the summons of his wife, and was seated at table.

"I never play less than shillings," said Mrs. Pillblister, with an affected grandeur; "and perhaps, Mr. Mactwigit would like to bet half a crown on the rubber. "I must beg leave

to be excused," returned the tallow-chandler, "'tis what I am not accustomed to—only think, if I should lose a bumper, would not that come to a deal of money?" "True, Sir," replied the lady, "shillings is high enough, but I am so in the habit of playing half crowns, that"—"Half crown pints, Ma'am?" "Oh! yes, and higher too," said the apothecary's wife, with a chuckling laugh.

Mr. Mactwigit was awed into silence, and the rubbers continued with various success until supper was announced. Captain Fume, requesting the honor, handed Mrs. Margery into the adjoining room; while Mr. Mac did the same office for Mrs. Pillblister, with as much grace as a dancing bear. Some time was occupied in placing each according to his degree, but it was at last, though with difficulty, accomplished.

In providing the supper, there was by no means *an elegant scarcity*—not an inch of table cloth was to be seen—the most incongruous articles appearing on the most intimate footing—at one corner, a ham saluting blase mange; at another, jelly in the immediate vicinity of oysters; and in the middle, a towering salver of whip syllabubs with port wine at the bottom of them. The boy in livery had been most carefully instructed by his mistress, that if he should observe any lady or gentleman looking as if something were wanting, he was immediately to endeavour to anticipate their wishes. He was anxious

to do as he was directed, so the moment Mrs. Wilkins took her eyes from the plate, he stepped up to her, and staring in her face, said in a loud voice, "Ma'am, be you looking for beer?" Stung to the soul by such excessive vulgarity, Mrs. Margery ordered him out of the room, with a look that seemed to forebode some dreadful retribution.

Supper being ended, a bowl of punch was introduced, which put the party into complete good humour; indeed so much so, that Mr. Mactwigit volunteered a song, which meeting universal approbation, he treated them with "I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter," in a style peculiarly his own. His wife was not to be outdone, so followed in rotation, and went through a ditty of about twelve verses, in which the only words that could be distinguished were "Strophon and Phyllis," and with as much variety in her tones, as might be discovered in the chirping of a smoke jack that wants oiling. "Handsome is that handsome does" being the principle each acted upon, the conviviality of the evening was prolonged to a late hour, when Mrs. Pillblister's carriage being announced, opened the way for a general retreat, leaving Mrs. Margery alone with her husband, to tell him how well she had done it—and to hear him roar out at the head of the stairs, "Shut the street door, *Simon*—I thanks my stars, we've got rid of them there people for some time!"

THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

IF the French Revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned also to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those of people, whom the unhappy state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies; and these acts of generous devotion were not uncom-

mon even among the military, who, by their profession and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the soft feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troop halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a plain

near a spring, and forming a circle, placed the prisoners in the midst of it. Their captain, a very young man, who had but lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speak to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advance towards him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trowsers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer; and he was still more moved when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife: will you, when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplessis, at Lamballe? My wife and children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touching request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added, in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "In the name of heaven, do not refuse me! If you do, they must always suffer from their ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait they will be certain that I would have parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent: in fact, his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner and the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, which he found of doing it. Duplessis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent: "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you!—"—"Say no more," cried the other abruptly, the commission is a very disagreeable one,

but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke, he put it into his pocket; and added, "Will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy? it will refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplessis; "a fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery." These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat, and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to save him. "Listen to me attentively," cried he: "I will give you a chance, which, if well managed, may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *voiture de requisition*. I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your energy and escape."

"Ah, my God! if it were possible? But you forget I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sous!"—"And unfortunately I have very little, only four *assignats* of five francs each: you will find them under this piece of meat," continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper; "be sure you are not seen to take them out: go, and God speed you!"

Duplessis turned away without speaking; but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few moments afterwards the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner, to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incap-

lie of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

"What!" cried the other indignantly, "shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court-martial! You cannot seriously mean it, captain."

"Pray then what would you have me do with him? for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troop, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man."

"But look at the state in which he is! Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *voiture dequisition*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow; and certainly, captain, you will not say that you cannot spare three men?"

"Well," replied the other with feigned impatience, "you shall have it your way: but remember I tell you you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell Corporal Gaillard and La Porte and Desmoulins to remain with him: we must now set out." The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut. Delmont recommended to them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and he set forward.

As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day to present it to the commissary of the Convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared, that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by a window, but the men being upon the alert, had all three fired at once; he fell dead

upon the spot, and they had buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally, that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth: it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who, after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly, that he had done very wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot: that, however, as they had done their duty by shooting him when he attempted to escape, and had returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply inquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment; saying at the same time, "I believe you will be commanded, before your departure, to shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit it to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out with his detachment, without beat of drum, and they thus escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to —: while on the road, he recollected the commission which he had accepted from the unfortunate Duplessis; and as he had to halt at Lamballe, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of such news to a widowed mother.

When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplessis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "Citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house; but she has arranged with the innkeeper

over the way to receive you in her stead."

"It is not a lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of terror to inform her mistress. Returning in a moment, she led Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl of four or five years old at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she: "go, Pauline, and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine how to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with great emotion; and the old lady then said, "This is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"—"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah! not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved! Yes," cried the mother in a transport of gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband."

Both embraced him with tears of joy. The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy and her little girl, that they also might caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were those caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure, such heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he at last; "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him."—"My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. God be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. Ah! how I wish that you could see him! but that must not be. But now tell us, are you come to stay at Lamballe?"—"No, I can only stop for to-night."—"Well, at least for to-night you will stop with us;" and Agatha

hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplessis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother resolved to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait: my husband has desired, that if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, I should tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable and grateful family, whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister upon the produce of a little farm which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing himself into his arms, exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once at least before I die!" It was Duplessis returned, after so long an absence, to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and was come back rich. Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience."—"And without promotion?"—"I have not sought it."—"No, but you have well deserved it: I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns."—"I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplessis soon dropped the subject, to talk with his friend upon his present

situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident that he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplessis to him one day, when they were talking on this subject, "does the owner demand for it?"—"Twenty-three thousand francs (nearly one thousand pounds)."—"That is lucky; for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands."—"I! you joke."—"No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find, if you draw upon him to that amount."—"But can you think that I shall rob you?"—"Not at all; the money is yours: it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs."—"Impossible!"

"I will convince you it is very possible and very true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to ad-

vantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work, to place in the public funds. We lived retired; and she had consequently much leisure, and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund, at first so small, has been constantly increasing, till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompense for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king, that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valour; and he shows his sense of your services by presenting you with this cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef-de-bataillon*.

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity—need it be said that he makes a worthy use of it?

SOLUTION OF MRS. BARBAULD'S LOGOGRIPH.

We are indebted to a lady of this city for the following solution of the Logogriph by Mrs. Barbauld, which was inserted on the 467th page of Vol. IV. We request her forgiveness for so long delaying its publication.

For man's support, Wheat started from the ground;
But man's invention other uses found
For its abundant product—so to grace
The Beau's fair haire, or Lady's pretty face,
Starch was composed, to re-adjust their lace:
Starch binds the flowing lawn in stricter folds,
And thus in chains unseen the drapery holds.
Such is the whole, but when in parts disjointed,
Its letters are transposed and recombined,
New wonders in its varying form we meet,
And thus we find the Logogriph complete:—

The pride of Cash inspires a sense of worth
In some rich Clite, equal to pride of birth;—
While pale surprise can scarcely breathe out Ah!
From Mirth bursts forth the boisterous Ha, ha, ha.—
An Arch Rialto forms—and your fair brow;
Rash deeds to youthful valour we allow;—
Man Has what he possesses—letter A
Is first in place—first taught the child to say;—
A Hat might guard one from the scorching ray,
But not if worn as in the present-day;—
Art is great nature's rival, sometimes foe—

Ah! the pathetic counterpart of Oh!
 When often pilfered by the whiskered Rat,
 We learn to estimate and prize the Cat;
 Many a houseless wanderer at night
 Has seen the Stars, and blest their cheering light;
 Heroes have rode in a triumphal Car,
 With all the pomp and circumstance of war ;—
 If from on high the ponderous jar you dash,
 You will be sure to hear a mighty Crash ;—
 'Tis said that Paul Sat at Gamaliel's feet ;
 Trash Bavius writes—trash schoolboys love to eat ;
 The die is Cast—the gamester's fate is sure,
 Alas ! the wretched man is worse than poor ;—
 Britain's brave Tars, who o'er the ocean roam,
 Help to support her lazy lords at home ;—
 She who Has been, must cease to be a toast ;—
 A Chart will show the dangers of the coast ;
 While from the Cart, he makes his last harangue,
 The convict's heart must Ach with many a pang ;
 As introduces long tailed similes ;
 The preposition At with place agrees ;—
 The Hart is stately—is in forests bred,
 And, like the Ash, lifts high his branching head ;—
 What better can unbend the student's mind
 Than social Chat, if he a friend can find ?
 The beauteous northern fish, must be a Char ;
 The soldier's grateful blemish is a Scar.

 THE CONVICT.—IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

See Vol. IV. page 414.

"MAN!" exclaimed Lord Earlsden, accosting the harper in his retirement, with a harshness ill according with his own character or disposition, "I have sought you."

"I have avoided no one," was the calm, but proud reply.

"I demand an explanation! Who and what are you?"

"Have fifteen years of suffering so altered me?" sighed the harper, and a deep pause ensued. After a moment he spoke again without embarrassment, and enquired whether Lord Earlsden had ceased to recollect that, about fifteen years ago, a young man of considerable credit had been sentenced to transportation for a forgery on the Bank of England: "the name of that unfortunate," added he, "was Maurice Elden."

"I do remember that affair," said the Judge; "it was a remarkable one;—but what of it?"

"Only this, my Lord, that Maurice Elden was innocent of the crime alleged, and undeserving the sentence pronounced upon his devoted head."

"How! audacious man! dare you arraign the justice of the magistrates?"

"No, my Lord, I only deplore their ignorance of the real offender."

"I remember the case of Maurice Elden was left to the decision of the twelve Judges."

"But it was your lips pronounced their hard decree!" continued the harper, speaking in a tone of considerable bitterness, and drawing himself up with an air of evident reproach. The Judge gazed at him for a moment, and felt something like a recoil in his heart from those dark, accusing eyes. "If," inquired he at length, "if, indeed, there could be any truth in your wild and rash assertion, could you undertake to point out the real offender?"

"I could—I will: know him in Philip Macallan, the infamous master of this ample estate; this estate, purchased with the wages of another's ruin. Lord Earlsden, you may frown: but I have wept, prayed, groaned, for a moment like this, and I will

“speak now! Yes, Philip Macallan was the companion of the unlucky Maurice; he possessed all his confidence; it was he, connected with his base secretary Robert, and another, who committed the forgery; they planned it all—ably planned it; they denounced, they swore—yes, swore in the face of God and credulous man—to the guilt of their hapless victim; he lived, but to suffer in chains and slavery, they to triumph in gold and opulence.”

The harper wept as he concluded his vehement declaration, and his eyes were raised towards heaven in wild devotion, as if supplicating the Deity to attest the truth of what he uttered. Lord Earlsden beheld him in agitation of mind with difficulty to be conceived. At last, “This man may, *must* be an imposter,” said he internally: “I have known Macallan many years; he has a heart incapable of such unexampled baseness; ‘I’ll hasten to him; I’ll request of him to explain to me the reason of his recent agitation; I shall then discover the diabolical aim of yon monster’s contrivance, and he shall suffer for his insolence and depravity.”

The judge now left the harper: he was leaning against the balustrade of the summer-house, when presently Charles drew near and addressed him. “You came here this morning,” said he, “in sorrow and dismay; we received you into our dwelling, relieved your wants, and gave you every consolation in our power: and how do you requite us? by infusing wretchedness into every bosom, and by interrupting the nuptials of those who were the first to assist you.”

“’Tis well,” said the harper; “you know not the family to whom you would unite yourself; Emily Macallan must never become *your* wife.”

“Beware of my resentment!” cried Charles, endeavouring to suppress his rising passion; were it not for your age—”

“Nay, nay!” continued the wanderer, with a burst of intense feeling,

“spare me your reproaches, Charles; they indeed are insupportable.”

“I perceive by your tears that you repent,” continued the youth; “come, then, and beg pardon of Mr. Macallan; he is all goodness; he is—”

“A fiend!” exclaimed the harper, in a denunciative tone, which made Charles start; “it is to him I owe the death of my inestimable wife; it was he who left her nothing but a broken heart; it was he—” here anguish overpowered the voice of the wretched speaker. At that instant a loud murmur was heard among the approaching domestics; and as they hurried into the garden, “See! see!” said one, “what we have found in the harper’s bundle which he left in the porter’s lodge,” and at the same time a large chain and ring, on which were inscribed the words “Convict to Botany Bay,” were produced! Charles shuddered as he beheld the characters engraved on the ring; and, seeing Lord Earlsden, followed by Macallan, approaching, “Behold!” cried he, “behold this testimony of his crime, whose boldness and villany have destroyed the harmony of this day.”

Lord Earlsden observed the inscription on the fetters.—“A felon!” said the Judge, sharply, speaking to the harper; “and is it for such a person to steal into the quietude of domestic peace, and blast, with impunity, the reputation of honourable men? Deceiver, you are betrayed; your ingratitude and your baseness demand alike the chastisement they shall not fail to encounter.”—He spoke a few words to Robert, who presently disappeared. “We shall see,” resumed Lord Earlsden, “how far wickedness like your’s is permitted, in a land of morality and justice.”

“What have you done, my Lord?” faltered Macallan, who now entered; “that imposter! let him depart! let him instantly quit the place for ever.”

“Quit this place!” exclaimed the unknown, “never; it is here I come to demand redress—to seek out the

authors of all my miseries, and to denounce them." Macallan was about to reply, but at that instant Robert returned with officers, whom Lord Earlsden commanded immediately to arrest the harper.

"You have no authority," cried the mendicant; "I am not, as you may suppose, a convict escaped from Botany Bay;" and he drew from his bosom a paper, which the Judge examined, and perceived to be a release by expiration of time. "We have, indeed, no authority to detain him at present," said Lord Earlsden; "let him therefore depart, and if he would escape the desert his baseness merits, be seen no more in this neighbourhood." "Yes, yes! go, go!" continued Macallan, in a voice of eagerness and alarm. "No, I will not go!" exclaimed the harper, "till the purpose dearest to my heart be accomplished." Snatching the chain and ring, he threw them at Macallan's feet: "there!" concluded he, "take back these cruel fetters, which, for fifteen years of toil and suffering, were borne by my aching limbs, in testimony of my despair and your triumph!"

Macallan was convulsed with agitation; till, struggling with his feelings, he at length appeared to shake off the agony of mind that had nearly subdued him. "Take hence that fiend!" vociferated he; "I know him not; why comes he hither to confront me with his detestable accusation? take him hence!"

On hearing these words, at a sign from Lord Earlsden, two of the officers seized the harper, and hurried him to the summer-house, where he was to remain a captive till the soundness of his intellects, or the place of his abode, could be ascertained. All, except the Judge and Macallan, had followed the harper. Lord Earlsden now, for the first time, noticed the altered looks of his host. "He was anxious to attribute the change to the events of the morning; but, taking advantage of the present opportunity, 'That poor wretch,' said he, 'has conjured up

a singular story!" and, proceeding to inform Macallan of all the harper had told him, he was too soon sensible of his increasing distress; for Macallan, incapable of supporting himself to the conclusion of the Judge's discourse, sat down in a chair, and, leaning his face on his hands, uttered deep groans, which vainly he endeavoured to suppress.

"And what," inquired he, in accents scarcely articulate, "and what would you advise in *such* a case, were indeed the report of *such* an accuser actually true?" Lord Earlsden shuddered—a chill rushed to his heart.—"Advise!" repeated he, "to you I should advise nothing; but to a man who really could have been capable of sacrificing an innocent victim to the punishment which he himself deserved, I should exhort him to confess his enormity, and prepare for death."

Macallan shuddered; convulsive sobs burst from his labouring breast. Lord Earlsden gazed at him with a sensation of horror; a new emotion rushed into his heart: he read the guilt of Macallan in his deportment. The conviction that he had been the means of condemning a fellow creature to a hard and unmerited punishment filled his mind; and, scarcely master of his feelings, he abruptly quitted the apartment.

During this interview, Charles had sought the harper to desire he would immediately withdraw. "Go," said he, "or the power of my father, Lord Earlsden—"—"Tis for me to impart that your real father still exists," calmly interrupted the man of mystery. "Exists!—my father!—speak, where?" impatiently inquired the youth, almost forgetting his animosity.

"He is in poverty," was the reply: "he has passed fifteen years of unmerited slavery for the crime of another. Read this paper." Charles saw that the harper wept; and what was his astonishment, on glancing at the tendered manuscript, to find it in the hand-writing of his departed mother, exactly corresponding with a letter which had been found on his

own person, when, a deserted infant, he was discovered at the hospitable door of Lord Earlsden. Almost blinded by tears, the young man perused the sad epistle:—

"Before I close my eyes for ever—robbed of all consolation—Oh, my husband! Oh, unfortunate victim of another's crime! if you have not preceded your unhappy Adelaide to eternity, accept her last prayers and adieus! Thy son, thy dearest son, Charles, is still alive, on my chilling bosom; presently I shall quit him too—quit him for ever! One day, if thine innocence—too slowly proved alas! for me—be ascertained, thou wilt hear of our poor boy at Lord Earlsden's, that fearful and mistaken judge, but benevolent man. When you meet again, think of her whose grief-swollen eyes have never been dry since the moment of our separation. One last effort to part with my infant, and then———
'tis accomplished—I—my senses expire———"

Charles drew his hand across his face to dry the tears which flowed copiously down his pale cheek—"But my father!" exclaimed he, "where is he, that the arms of his son may not enfold him?" The harper's agitation was extreme; and, throwing himself on the breast of Charles, he faintly sobbed, "My son! my son! do not thou disdain thine outcast injured father, though he comes to thee thus, in the garb of humiliation and sorrow."

With a transport of filial affection, Charles pressed the unfortunate author of his existence to his heart, and for some moments they mingled their tears in silence. At length, Charles inquired the name of his father's persecutor, the assassin of his mother. "Thou wouldst marry his daughter!" shuddered the old man; "that monster is no other than Macallan!" Charles recoiled as from the touch of a torpedo: "Thou canst prove this?" cried he sternly.—"I can! On my voyage home, heaven assisted me to save a fellow-creature from perishing by shipwreck—it was one

of those mistaken men, who, with Macallan and Robert, had effected my early ruin. He was struck with remorse at the sight of his preserver—he confessed his own crime, and proclaimed my innocence; the truth of my assertion is well attested."

At this moment Lord Earlsden entered in some confusion. Charles related all the harper's story in a few words—the Judge answered in silence; at last he was about to speak, when the report of a pistol was heard, and a scream from Emily drew Charles and his companions precipitately into an adjoining chamber. Macallan had destroyed himself: he lay on the earth in the last agonies of death—Emily was in the arms of the terrified domestics. As the harper appeared, Macallan turned towards him his ghastly and blood-stained features, and, raising his dying hands, he seemed to invoke the forgiveness he could not ask; then feebly drawing forth from his bosom a carefully-folded paper, he kissed it with a convulsive wildness, and expired. That paper was the confession of a penitent who had struggled long with the agonies of apprehension and remorse—it spoke of false keys and of false signatures, and besought compassion for the unoffending Emily. But where was the agent of Macallan's guilt—the morose Robert? What share had he taken in the baseness of his early employer? None could ever answer that enquiry: Robert had hastily withdrawn himself, and from that period was seen in the place no more. There was yet another criminal to merit retribution—the man whose life the harper had saved; but the thirst of malediction had been more than sated in the self-offered blood of the chief offender, and the punishment awarded arose only from the lacerations of conscience.

Two years after this melancholy catastrophe, a traveller was riding leisurely through a village at a distant part of the country—it was a lovely morning—and the birds and the hamlet bells were uniting in har-

monious concert—a nuptial throng was coming out of the little church; the traveller checked his horse to gaze at the happy bride and bridegroom—he evidently knew them; he evidently remembered well the features of Charles and of Emily. A venerable and majestic man, in rather a sombre habit for a wedding, led the train; it was the harper. The traveller, who, one might perceive

by his surprise, had not prepared himself to encounter features so familiar to his recollection, as the eye of the harper was directed towards him, started, drew his hat abruptly over his brow, and rode hastily away. Some imagined this stranger was no other than the criminal Robert; but the harper was silent as to his own thoughts; and still the fate of that culprit remains unknown.

VARIETIES.

ORIGIN OF THE BRICKLAYER'S HOD.

I SHOULD be glad to know, when that implement used by labourers for carrying bricks up buildings was first brought into use. I have been informed they were first introduced at the rebuilding of the City of London, after the great fire in 1666; and, upon looking at the back-ground of the sculptured representation of the same, upon the front of the pedestal of the monument, there is the figure of a labourer ascending to the top of a building with a hod. I was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a few years ago, and was much surprised at seeing women perform the coarse office of bricklayers' labourers there,—carrying mortar and bricks upon a flat square board, upon the top of their heads, to the top of the highest buildings: upon my remonstrating to a respectable magistrate of the place upon so improper an employment for females, he fully coincided with me in opinion, but said it had always been the custom.

In France, to this day, they have a most clumsy way of getting bricks and stones up to the higher parts of their buildings. A number of men stand one above the other on the steps of a ladder; and the lowermost lifts them up above his head to the one above him, who stoops down to receive them—then lifts them up in the same manner to the next, who repeats the same process; and so on, till at length the ponderous materials get to the height required—

perhaps the chimney-top. To an unaccustomed eye, the process seems as dangerous as it is clumsy; for, should any one of the series of lifters (the top one, for example) happen to lose his balance (and it seems extraordinary that it should not, sometimes happen), down would come lifter and lift upon the heads of all below, and crush them one would think, to atoms.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

The vessels which have been despatched by Government to carry assistance to Captain Franklin, and which are under the command of Captain Beechey, were met with at Chili by the *Blond*, Lord Byron, and consort, on their return from the Sandwich Islands, having there left the bodies of the King and Queen. From letters which Lord Byron has brought home it appears, that Captain Beechey's ships are doing well, though in doubling Cape Horn they had encountered some severe storms and dangerous seas. Upon leaving Chili, these vessels will touch at the Sandwich Islands, and there leave, for the principal inhabitants, some magnificent presents from our Government. After this they will proceed immediately to Behring's Straits, to join Captain Franklin, who, they imagine, will, at that time, have arrived there. It was the intention for them to wait until Captain Parry should have effected his passage through. Of the failure of Captain Parry's expedition they are at pre-

sent ignorant, but a vessel has been despatched by Government to inform them of it, when Captain Franklin will immediately return by Cape Horn. Captain Beechey has orders to make what discoveries he can in the Pacific Ocean, and to take drawings and charts of parts that are important, but little known, and to collect all information that is likely to be valuable. —

INSECTS.

Amongst other means with which insects are gifted for the annoyance or their foes and pursuers, are the powerful *scents* which many of them emit when alarmed and in danger. The most remarkable insect for its powers of annoyance in this way, is one, on that account called the *bombardier*, which can fire from its tail numerous volleys of stinking vapour at its assailants before its ammunition is exhausted.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.

A celebrated violoncello performer, in one of his annual Music Meetings, arrived at a principal inn at Gloucester late on the day previous to that on which he had apprized the landlord of his intention, and found the house extremely crowded in expectation of the Festival. It so happened that the larder was cleared of cold dishes, and the party were too hungry to wait for putting down a joint. The Director sent his friends into the room bespoke for them, and walked into the kitchen to see what was going forward. He found a fine haunch of mutton just taken off the spit, and placed before the fire whilst the garnishing was getting ready, for some gentlemen who had arrived in time. Being determined to secure it for his own party, without being perceived by the cook, he cut one of his fiddle-strings into very small pieces, and strewed them over the dish; they were soon operated upon by the heat, and curled up exactly resembling maggots. When put on the table, the effect was electrical—*not one of them would touch it.* The

joint was removed, and readily seized by the director, who bore it off in triumph to his party, observing, that whatever maggots they might have in their heads, the haunch was free from them. —

AN INFERENCE.

A servant, who had lived many years with a Clergyman, his master took occasion to say—"John, you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you will be able to preach a sermon as well as I."—"Oh, no, Sir," said John, "but many an inference I have drawn from yours."—"Well," said the Clergyman, "I will give you a text out of Job—let me hear what you infer from it—And the asses snuffed up the East wind."—"Well," replied John, "the only inference I can draw from this is, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it." —

RAIL-ROADS.

It is generally considered, that the day's work of a horse on a rail-road will amount to seven times and a half that of the same animal on a turnpike-road. —

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

On Friday, the 9th of Feb. a grand sporting match took place, near Upminster, Essex. Mr. Ashton, of Old-street road, backed his horse *Flyer*, to clear ten five-barred gates in succession, for 100gs. A great deal of money was betted on the occasion, and a numerous field attended to see the performance. Every arrangement was made by Mr. Stevens, of Upminster, the trainer, to guard against accidents. A surgeon and a shutter were on the ground—the Forestreet coffin maker, with a shell, and the noisy cabinet maker from Ludgate Hill, with his chest of tools. Every thing being arranged, Mr. A. mounted and went off valiantly, and cleared the first six gates; but *Flyer*, instead of jumping over, jumped through the seventh, floored his master in the mud, and thus the sport ended, without any material injury except to the pockets of Mr. A. and his friends.